The Outlook

JULY 11, 1914

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MR. ROOSEVELT RESIGNS FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE OUTLOOK

HE WILL CONTINUE TO CONTRIBUTE SPECIAL ARTICLES ON CURRENT QUESTIONS

The following letters not only announce the retirement of Mr. Roosevelt from his editorial connection with The Outlook, but outline his plan of political activity in the coming campaign.

Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay,
June 29, 1914.

My dear Dr. Abbott:

I hope I need not tell you how very deeply I have appreciated my connection with The Outlook during the last five years. You may perhaps recall what I wrote at the outset of this connection in giving my opinion of The Outlook and the reasons why I was glad to be connected with it. My experience during these five years has justified every word I then wrote. It has been a help—indeed I may say that it has been an inspiration—to be associated with you and my other colleagues in the work of The Outlook. If I had been able to be, as I expected to be, a man entirely removed from all participation in active politics, nothing would give me keener pleasure than to keep on in the future exactly as in the past.

But the developments of the last three or four years have rendered it imperative that I should take a more or less active part in trying to secure in the Nation and in the several States the triumph of those principles embodied in the Progressive platform of 1912. Whatever I can do, for instance, to aid in the elimination of men like Mr. Penrose, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Barnes from control of our political life, I must do. In addition, I now feel that I am in honor bound to stand in strong opposition to the Administration. I feel that as regards our international relations the policy of the present Administration has meant the abandonment of the interest and honor of America. Furthermore, I feel that within our own boundaries the course pursued by the Administration has meant the abandonment of every sane effort to secure the abatement of social and industrial evils. Its legislative and executive programme has brought about grave industrial depression and suffering to business man, farmer, and wage-worker alike, although perhaps most of all to the wage-worker.

Having to do this political work, it has become impossible for me to give the time necessary to carry out my duties as a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook. Accordingly, with the deepest regret I hereby resign from that position. I am most sincerely sorry to sunder my editorial connection with The Outlook. My personal connection with you and your colleagues will always remain one of close and intimate friendship. If you care to have me do so, I shall be glad to continue as a special contributor to The Outlook, giving

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you during the coming year a series of articles on social and industrial subjects of current interest.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor The Outlook,
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Outlook Company,
287 Fourth Avenue, New York,
June 30, 1914.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:

With undiminished affection for you, with undiminished loyalty to the principles for which you stand, I recognize with you the necessity for your action.

The Progressive party is the organic representative in America of a great human movement. Throughout the world the people are demanding a more direct and controlling share in government and a better measure of social justice. With that demand The Outlook was in sympathy long before the Progressive party was organized, and because of our sympathy you accepted our invitation when you retired from the Presidency. Your endeavor to bring the Republican party into line with this movement succeeded despite the apparently successful opposition of those who control its political machinery. The election of 1912 proved that the rank and file of that party understood and believed in you. Of the Progressive party into which they followed you, you are, whether you will or no, the inevitable leader.

But history has abundantly demonstrated the truth that no man can be both the leader of a great political party and an editor of an independent journal. The demands of the political campaign and of the editorial office are inconsistent. Our intimate fellowship has increased the affection and esteem of all your associates for you; the events of the past five years have increased our faith in the righteousness and ultimate success of the principles of which you are America's greatest interpreter. I am especially glad, as are all my associates, to be assured by you that you will continue, as special contributor, to use the columns of The Outlook as your chief means of interpreting these principles through the printed page.

Sincerely yours,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,
Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, New York.

As indicated in the foregoing letters, Mr. Roosevelt will contribute to The Outlook during the coming year a series of exclusive special articles, the first of which is entitled "The People and Judge-Made Laws." This will be followed from time to time by other articles from his pen on important questions of domestic and international interest.

THE WEEK

MR. ROOSEVELT ABROAD

Soon after his return from South America in May, Mr. Roosevelt sailed for Europe to attend the wedding of his son Kermit, who, early in June, was married in Madrid to Miss Belle Willard, the daughter of the American Ambassador to Spain. On account of his connection with the Spanish War it might naturally have been expected that Mr. Roosevelt's reception in the Spanish capital would be cold, if not hostile. On the contrary, it was highly cordial, and King Alfonso, whom Mr. Roosevelt had met somewhat intimately during the ceremonies connected with the funeral of King Edward in London in 1910, gave public expression to his friendship in a manner which was very gratifying to the American colony in Madrid.

Mr. Roosevelt returned home from Spain by way of Paris and London. In Paris several social festivities, attended by many of the foremost literary men and statesmen of France, were held in his honor.

In London he was the guest of his old and intimate friend Arthur Lee, M. P., formerly British Military Attaché at Washington, and he took the occasion to accept an invitation of the Royal Geographical

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Society to deliver a lecture before that distinguished body on his trip as explorer and naturalist in the tropical wilds of Brazil. Preceding the lecture the explorer was entertained at dinner by the Geographical Club.

HIS GEOGRAPHICAL LECTURE

We find in the London "Times" the following account of the incidents connected with the lecture: "It [the lecture] was made the occasion of a remarkable testimony to the admiration and regard entertained for him in this country. It was unfortunate that a larger hall than the theater of the Civil Service Commission in Burlington Gardens could not be secured, for the building, which when tightly packed holds about one thousand people, was wholly inadequate to the demands upon its space.

"As matters were, admission was restricted to Fellows of the Society, and these began to assemble more than two hours before the lecture commenced. They waited on the steps and in the street, and when finally admitted crowded the theater in a very few minutes. All the benches and gangways were filled, the gallery was packed to overflowing, people sat on the front of the platform, crowded around the entrances, and occupied every available inch in their eagerness to see and hear Mr. Roosevelt.

"There was a good sprinkling of ladies among the audience, although, with rare exceptions, ladies not Fellows of the Society were not admitted. The Society has granted fellowship in the past two years to something like one hundred ladies, and it would certainly seem that most of them availed themselves of their privilege of attendance last night. Among the ladies present was Lady Scott, widow of Captain Scott.

"While the people were assembling an unusual spectacle was to be seen at the Vigo Street entrance to the theater nearest to the Albany. Here a large crowd of distinguished visitors had collected and endeavored, by entreaties and representations, to gain admission. Those furnished with the requisite authority ultimately got in, but the regulation of admission was a matter of no little difficulty. Among those who thus besieged the doors was Lord Grey [recently Governor-General of Canada], who, finding himself separated from the entrance by a stone wall of moderate altitude, promptly and with great agility negotiated the obstacle and entered the hall.

"Mr. Roosevelt came on from the Geographical Club dinner with the President and others of the distinguished guests. Among them were the American Ambassador, Lord Curzon, Lord Bryce, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir T. Holdich, who took their seats in the row immediately facing the lecturer. Close to them were Prince Louis of Battenberg and many distinguished officers of the navy and army, explorers, and geographers. The President, in a graceful speech, introduced Mr. Roosevelt, who a few minutes later rose to give his lecture and was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm."

HIS HEALTH

In the lecture itself, to a report of which the "Times" devotes three columns of its space, Mr. Roosevelt gave both an entertaining account of his adventures and a scientific statement of his exploration, including his dangerous canoe voyage upon the river Duvida (or River of Doubt), the course of which had been before unknown and unmapped.

Much of this exploration was of a serious and dangerous character. The party ran out of provisions and were in a famished condition before they reached civilization again. Some of their canoes were upset in the rapids, and Mr. Roosevelt himself contracted a severe case of tropical malarial fever, so that when he reached Manaos he had lost forty-five pounds in weight. He also injured and infected his leg while working over the canoes in the rapids. This injury resulted in an abscess, which the doctor of the expedition had to open and treat by the insertion of a drainage tube. With this drainage tube in his leg and in an emaciated condition he was forced to tramp many miles over portages and through the forest, living part of the time on the flesh of monkeys and the boiled tops of palm trees. This apparently did not, however, affect his good spirits, for in describing a savage tribe which played a kind of "soccer" football by butting or knocking the ball with their heads, he told the Geographical Society, much to their amusement, that in watching these Indians play he was reminded of an American nonsense rhyme:

> "I do not like my billy-goat,
> I wish that he were dead;
> He ran and kicked me, so he did—
> He kicked me with his head."

It is not surprising, after these South American adventures, which only a man of

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extraordinary vitality could have borne without complete collapse, that Mr. Roosevelt should find it necessary to take some special measures this summer to expel the tropical malarial germ from his system, although to all intents and purposes and in personal appearance he is as well and vigorous as ever. This is the impression of a member of the staff of The Outlook who accompanied him on the homeward voyage from England to New York on the steamship Imperator of the Hamburg-American Line. It is true that during the voyage he twice suffered a somewhat severe malarial chill and twice had a very h'gh temp rature for a short time; but after these attacks passed off he was as active as ever. The amount of literary work which he did during the voyage and the number of people with whom he conferred either at luncheon, afternoon tea, or dinner indicate that his severe illness in Brazil has left little mark upon him. If his friends will only give him the reasonable amount of rest that any active man of affairs needs during a hot American summer, we are confident that those who hear his public speeches or who meet him personally will find no change in his buoyant spirit and his striking physical capacity for work and activity.

HIS PITTSBURGH SPEECH

Certainly Mr. Roosevelt's first speech of the campaign, made in Pittsburgh last week, at a great gathering of the Pennsylvania Progressives, showed no sign of any diminution of physical or mental vitality. He left Oyster Bay at six o'clock in the morning, and traveled by automobile to New York, where he took a train at eight o'clock, arriving in Pittsburgh at six in the evening. He attended a popular dinner of the Progressive League, and then went to the Exposition Hall, where he spoke for an hour, expounding the policies of the Progressive party and his own political position. After this address he made another brief one at an overflow meeting, took a midnight train back to New York, and spent the following day in conferences with his political associates.

While his Pittsburgh address was made primarily to support the candidacy of Gifford Pinchot for the United States Senate, and of William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, for Governor, it was, to use the language of the New York "Times," a remarkable and masterly presentation of his political philosophy. It was both critical and constructive. He criticised the Democratic Administration and President Wilson for their domestic as well as for their foreign policies. He defined the Democratic party, in its reluctance to exert Federal authority and its inclination to refer perplexing questions back to the several States, as the "Party-Afraid-Of-Power." In domestic affairs he accused the present Administration of being, in spite of its protestations, practically inimical to industry and prosperity because of its attitude toward the tariff and its hostility to big business. He defended efficient and honorable combination in business as the new unit in industry, and urged that corporations be encouraged so long as they recognize and obey the sovereign power of the United States.

At the same time he as vigorously upheld the humanitarian rights of the wage-worker. It was characteristic of him to urge on the platform at Pittsburgh, the great center of the steel industry, the abolition of the twelve-hour day and the substitution in its place of three shifts of workmen laboring only eight hours each. He expressed frank sympathy with the rank and file of the Republican party, but with equal frankness denounced the bossism of such Republican leaders as Senator Penrose in Pennsylvania and William Barnes, Chairman of the State Republican Committee in New York. The constructive portion of the address, which states the principles of good government that he believes must be followed in this country, may be epitomized as follows:

First, we cannot and do not want to destroy all corporations; we must have large units to do our work.

Second, we cannot make every man compete with every other man; we cannot go back to 1850; still less to 1650.

Third, we cannot destroy monopoly by attacking all forms of concentration, whether monopolistic or not.

Fourth, we cannot destroy real monopoly by attacking its legal form. We must find out and take away the real economic basis of monopoly, which is a very different thing.

Fifth, we can get no effective results through the courts, with their slow and restricted procedure.

Sixth, we must encourage honest business, and allow that business concentration which will give the power necessary to serve us. This policy of the encouragement of decent business

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is as important to the welfare of our people as is our other policy of effective warfare against corrupt and unfair business.

Seventh, there must be co-operation among business men, among wage-workers, and among farmers.

With these principles The Outlook has long been in hearty accord.

VINDICATION BY CONFESSION

The "Bellman," of Minneapolis, concludes a discussion of the proposed treaty with Colombia with these words: "The pending treaty, be its terms well advised or not, is at any rate a step in the direction of rehabilitating this country in the eyes of the world. It is a proof that the United States can afford a heavy financial loss rather than a lingering suspicion of international trickery."

Suppose, instead of referring to an alleged case of what Mark Twain called, if we remember his phrase correctly, "rag-snatching from international clothes-lines," we translate the above passage into the terms of a quarrel in a city back yard. Let us suppose that the editor of the "Bellman" and his Next Door Neighbor, instead of the United States and Colombia, be the protagonists. Let us suppose, further, that the editor of the "Bellman" has been accused by this Next Door Neighbor, several storekeepers, the editor of a rival publication, and his furnace boy of having taken many articles of apparel from the wash-line across the way. He denies the charge. His neighbor no longer drops in for an evening at bridge. When they pass in the street, they are both busily concerned with the color of the sky, the shape of the new fire-hydrant, or the fact that the leaves on the trees are green. Ten years later, suppose the editor of the "Bellman" buys a small package of assorted laundry, has it marked conspicuously with the initials N. D. N., and sends it to his Next Door Neighbor with an apology stating that he regrets that anything has ever occurred to mar their friendship. Would the editor of the "Bellman" expect to find the following editorial appearing promptly in the columns of the rival publication: "The action taken by our esteemed contemporary, the editor of the 'Bellman,' is proof that he is willing to suffer a financial loss rather than a lingering suspicion as to his having purloined his neighbor's wash"? With due regard to the logic of events, would his neighbors regard his action as merely a damning and tardy confession of sin or the vindication of an untarnished honor?

THE PRESIDENT AND VOTES FOR WOMEN

A committee of suffragists lately called upon the President to ask his influence in favor of an amendment to the United States Constitution giving the suffrage to women.

The President in his reply drew a careful distinction between himself as an individual and himself as President of the United States. As President and as leader of the Democratic party he regards himself as estopped from advocating such an amendment because no such policy is embodied in the Democratic platform. To the suggestion that the repeal of the Canal tolls was not embodied in the Democratic platform he made, according to the report before us, no reply. As an individual he declared, "It is my conviction that this is a matter for settlement by the States and not by the Federal Government."

In this position The Outlook agrees with the President. A good deal might be said in favor of an amendment to the Constitution conferring upon the Federal Government power to determine the conditions of suffrage for all citizens and in all the States. But The Outlook cannot see that anything can be said for giving to the Federal Government power to determine the conditions of suffrage for women when it has no such power for determining the conditions of suffrage for men.

THE CLAFLIN FAILURE

The failure of the H. B. Claflin Company, one of the oldest, largest, and most highly respected wholesale and jobbing houses in the dry-goods trade, was a positive shock to New York City, and startling to business men throughout the entire country. The first announcement of the failure was widely regarded as a symptom of the disastrous effect upon commerce and finance of President Wilson's policy, both foreign and domestic.

We do not think that this is a fair interpretation of this failure, the causes for which are to be found elsewhere. But it certainly was comic to find in the daily papers the announcement in large headlines of the failure of this firm, with liabilities of over thirty

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millions of dollars, and an announcement in equally large headlines in an adjoining column that "President Wilson predicts a gigantic boom." Undoubtedly the new tariff has had some disadvantageous effect upon the huge stock of goods owned by the Claflin Company; undoubtedly, too, the decreased purchasing power of the ordinary consumer, brought about by the unsettled politico-commercial situation, has affected the earnings of retail dry-goods stores. This, of course, was bound to react sooner or later upon the wholesaler.

But, admitting the full force of these influences, it must in all fairness to the National Administration and the Democratic party be said that the failure of the Claflin Company is due much more to natural than to political causes. In the first place, New York, when the Claflin Company was established, was the center of the wholesale and jobbing trade of the country. It is so no longer. Chicago and St. Louis supply the great Central West. In the second place, in the ordinary process of evolution, the function of the jobber and to some extent of the wholesaler is lessening in importance. Retail merchants now buy directly from the manufacturer. The growth of National advertising has not only raised the standards of manufactured goods, but has created a very wide public demand for articles with special brands and trade-marks. These articles are supplied directly to the retailer and even still more directly to the consumer.

Foreseeing this change in the methods of merchandising, Mr. John Claflin, the head of the house, and one of the most honorable and distinguished of the merchants and financiers of New York City, some years ago began a campaign for building up a chain of retail dry-goods stores throughout the country affiliated with the H. B. Claflin Company and using it as the great source of supplies. This plan, on the whole, has been successful, but the expansion of the retail demand and the contraction of the wholesale supply were too rapid to enable Mr. Claflin to establish the equilibrium which he was seeking. The respect with which his personal integrity is esteemed not only in New York but in other centers of trade is indicated by the whole-hearted manner in which a host of bankers and business men of his acquaintance have come to his aid.

The failure, painful as it is has served the purpose of bringing out the fact that modern business is not piracy but is a very genuine form of public service.

THE COMMITTEE THAT DISHONORED ITSELF

Persons unfriendly to Judge Emory Speer, of the Federal Court of the Southern District of Georgia, some months ago brought charges against him. A sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has been investigating these charges with a view to considering the question of impeachment. This sub-committee, according to the report of the majority, admitted hearsay testimony which would not be received in any court of law. Messrs. Webb and Fitzhenry, constituting the majority of this sub-committee of three, on their own admission, based their finding on this hearsay testimony.

They decline to recommend a complete acquittal, and yet acknowledge that there is no evidence on which to base the recommendation of an impeachment. On this hearsay testimony, which they acknowledge would not be considered in the Senate, they report that Judge Speer exercised power "in a despotic and autocratic manner" "and disregarded the law." To bring accusations against a man as these two members of Congress have done, and to spread their accusations before the public without giving the accused opportunity to disprove the charges, or even to give equal publicity to the evidence in disproof, is dishonorable. The majority of the committee do not seem to be aware that their report is not only a vindication of Judge Speer, but is a condemnation of themselves.

The minority member of the sub-committee, Mr. Volstead, of Minnesota, calls attention to the significant fact that in Judge Speer's court the cost of administration of bankruptcy estates from 1899 to 1912 was 9.7 per cent, while the average for districts of residence of the various members of the House Judiciary Committee for the same years was 19.2 per cent. Mr. Volstead rightly protests against the methods pursued by the majority, which not only failed to protect the Judge against slander and abuse, but encouraged "innuendoes, insinuations, and insulting opinions utterly illegal as evidence and incompetent for any proper purpose." The majority committee's own report substantially confirms what Mr. Volstead says. We hope that this instance of irresponsibility on the part of these two mem-

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bers of Congress will stand as a warning to other members of Congress who are tempted to abuse their power.

MEDIATION THAT DOES NOT MEDIATE

Whether the adjournment of the mediation conference at Niagara Falls will be final or whether the conference will resume its sessions depends largely upon the outcome of the attempt to bring together representatives of Huerta and the Constitutionalists. At present such a conference between the hostile factions in Mexico seems unlikely. The more one considers the published protocol, which represents the total practical result of the work of the Mediators at Niagara Falls, the less does it give promise for the future.

The protocol, in effect, says that the Mediators and the delegates sent to the conference by the United States and by General Huerta hope that the two factions in Mexico may and can agree upon a provisional government. Delightful as this outcome might be, nothing appears more improbable. It is much as if in our Civil War it had been proposed, say in 1864, that the Union and Confederate forces in the field should agree upon a candidate for the Presidency of the entire country. The fact that the Constitutionalists have had a long series of important victories in the field makes any such solution all but ludicrous.

The remaining points of agreement in the protocol are all conditioned upon the successful carrying out of this hopeless proposal; if it succeeds, amnesty is to be proclaimed, the United States will forego any claims for indemnity "or other international satisfaction," the provisional government agreed upon will be recognized by the United States and by the three mediating Governments of South America, and Mexico will give amnesty to all foreigners for any alleged political offenses committed during the war in Mexico.

The Mediators are reported in the press as saying that they have accomplished all that could be expected of them, and that it is useless for them to remain longer in session. This brings out the fundamental weakness of the conference: it might mediate as between the United States and Mexico; it could not mediate between the factions in Mexico because it did not have their mutual consent; it could merely advise and suggest as to the future of Mexico; in short, in all the larger issues involved its function was not truly that of mediation at all.

Nevertheless, the mediation conference has served two useful purposes: it has tided over one critical situation between the United States and Mexico, and it has convinced South America that the United States is not inclined toward a policy of acquisition or conquest in Mexico. The value of these two services is pointed out in an editorial called "What After Mediation?" elsewhere in this issue.

MEXICAN MYSTERIES

Meanwhile, the actual situation in Mexico is, if anything, more puzzling than ever. No sooner was General Villa's conquest of Zacatecas completed—and his victory there was another astonishing proof of his personal force as a leader in battle—than the reports of dissension between Villa and Carranza became more positive, and at the same time more confused.

The fighting at Zacatecas was fierce and fast after Villa put himself at the head of his men. Assault followed assault; two or three of the Constitutionalist generals were seriously wounded. Villa's report declared that the Federals lost 2,200 in killed and wounded, and that his own loss was perhaps 500. The Federals lost also large quantities of guns, ammunition, and supplies.

It was naturally expected that General Villa would at once push on and attack his next objective point—namely, San Luis Potosí. But instead he was reported to have moved rather large bodies of his troops back north to Torreon, apparently with the view of intimidating Carranza, and an armed clash was feared. One explanation is that Carranza refused to allow the ammunition which reached the Constitutionalists through the steamer Antilla by way of Tampico to go forward to Villa. Reports of Carranza's utterances certainly contain veiled denunciations of Villa and his Chief of Staff, General Felix Angeles.

But here again came a mystifying surprise. General Angeles has been General Villa's right-hand man, and the only man in the Constitutionalist army educated in modern warfare. Carranza was supposed to distrust Angeles as the most dangerous of Villa's personal adherents. In the face of all this last week came the astonishing report that Angeles had been executed by a file of soldiers at Villa's order, and on the charge

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that he was conspiring with Huerta, and was a traitor to the cause.

This report as we write lacks confirmation and is not accepted as established either in Mexico or the United States, but its mere existence illustrates the confusion and anarchy of the Mexican war.

THE OIL INTERESTS IN MEXICO

The publication in the New York "Herald" of letters written to Mr. Henry Clay Pierce, of the Waters-Pierce oil corporation, General Carranza, and others, by Captain Hopkins, a Washington lawyer, who appears to have represented that corporation in dealing with Mexican affairs, has raised the question of the relation of the oil interests in Mexico to the present war.

It has long been asserted that the British oil interests—that is, practically the Pearson companies—were supporting General Huerta, and that the American oil interests, represented by the Waters-Pierce Company, were supporting the Constitutionalists, and that both were working from purely selfish motives. It has even been alleged that the two contending forces in Mexico were financially supported by the two contending oil interests. The letters now published are said to have been stolen by somebody from Captain Hopkins's office and presumably to have been sold to the newspaper which presents them. They do not show that the Waters-Pierce Company contributed money to General Carranza, but they do show that strong efforts have been made to bring about through Carranza a reorganization of the railways in northern Mexico in a particular form desired by these oil interests. Incidentally, also, they throw some curious light on the relations between the Administration at Washington and the Constitutionalists.

In one letter to Mr. Pierce Captain Hopkins wrote:

> Mr. Bryan also gave assurances that under existing circumstances there would be no movement from Vera Cruz in the direction of the interior. He also indicated that it was not the purpose of the American Government to seize Tampico or any other Mexican port unless forced to do so by circumstances.

Captain Hopkins, in his correspondence with Carranza, assumed to give him information about secret negotiations at Washington.

We need not point out that it is not uncommon for men of the type of agent and intermediary to which Captain Hopkins belongs to represent their influence and knowledge as greater than it is. Within certain limits the representatives of American business in Mexico have a perfect right to take an interest in the relations between that country and their own. Whether in this case that limit has been exceeded is a question for investigation and careful judgment. It is quite probable that such investigation may be undertaken at the direction of Congress, and until the matter has been thoroughly sifted it will be unfair and unwise to attach too much importance to this published correspondence.

AMATEUR DIPLOMACY

Prince William of Wied has not only had the ill luck to awaken the opposition of a considerable section of Albania, whither he was sent to act as an imported ruler, but he has had the additional ill fortune to incur the active antagonism of Mr. George Fred Williams, late American Minister to Greece and Montenegro. In this ill luck the Administration has a considerable share; for neither the President nor the Secretary of State can view with composure the extraordinary spectacle of the appearance of an accredited envoy of the United States in the Balkan arena and dealing with the situation with the free hand of a great Power.

Early last month, it appears, according to his report, Mr. Williams represented to the American Government that conflicting reports concerning atrocities in Epirus and misunderstandings between the Provisional Government of Epirus and the International Commission of Control at Durazzo had led him to believe that a personal investigation of the conditions might further peace and help save human life. He therefore made such an investigation, and, to use his own language, uncovered at Durazzo "an epochal scandal of anarchy, incompetency, hypocrisy, and murder." All these things he saw from the window of his apartment. He saw also the Prince's Palace guarded by foreign marines, and six war-ships of the Powers lying in the harbor. He was unable to find the Albanian Government, though he found five other ostensible governments, all fighting one another, except the first. He thereupon determined upon a policy which he frankly says "the United States Government could not indorse." In his eagerness to carry out his altruistic purpose, he could not await the acceptance of his resignation at Washington,

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but proceeded to take measures "which promise to unite the people of Albania under cantonal forms in opposition to such inhuman schemes;" and he enumerates seventeen different confusions, suspicions, hostilities, and incompetencies in the management of affairs. He therefore appeals to Europe to end this "trifling with the life of a nation." He declares that with the departure of the warships the people can unite in a neutral state like Switzerland or Holland with a government local in character.

The country has lately had various illustrations of amateur statesmanship and diplomacy; but Mr. Williams's exploit is perhaps the most dramatic yet recorded. It will be long cited as a classical example of amateur altruism, and its perpetrator long remembered as a brilliant example of the kind of diplomatist who ought to remain at home; for the first essential of a diplomatist is that he should be a diplomatist and not a private citizen at liberty to air his eccentricities in a foreign country.

THE ASSASSINATIONS AT SARAJEVO

All friends of Austria-Hungary were shocked by the murder, on June 28, of the heir to the throne, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. Those in exalted stations are never free from some sudden attack by some crazed man, as the cases of Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley, of King Humbert of Italy and King George of Greece, remind us.

In the present instance murder has removed those who were about to succeed to great power. Franz Ferdinand was not a popular prince. He was reserved, taciturn, moody, opinionated, supposed to be under Jesuit control, a jingo, a militarist—not altogether a happy combination. Accident made him, as the nephew of the venerable Austrian Emperor, heir to the throne. The world looked on with misgiving. For of all monarchs the Emperor of Austria-Hungary has best known how to manage the conglomeration of the many different nationalities which make up the Dual Empire. It might well be triple, as Franz Ferdinand himself suggested not long ago, the third part to be Slav.

With bitter irony, the Prince met his death at the hands of a Slav—a Serb. The Archduke and his wife were entering Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, when a bomb was burst immediately behind their motor, shattering the motor which followed it and injuring its occupants. Moved by this circumstance, the Archduke, before replying later to the Mayor's message of welcome, said: "An amazing indignity has been perpetrated. You have received us with bombs." With his wife, he then drove towards the hospital to inquire after the condition of the sufferers from the bomb, when a young man sprang out of the crowd and aimed a pistol at the Duchess. Her husband immediately threw himself in front of her to shield her. The weapon used was an automatic pistol. Both occupants of the motor received mortal wounds from which they soon expired.

The tragedy is all the more poignant because since his marriage to the then Countess Chotek, who was afterwards raised to the rank of the Duchess of Hohenberg, the esteem in which Franz Ferdinand has been held has steadily increased. The German Emperor conspicuously treated the Duchess of Hohenberg as if she were of royal birth, and his example, lately followed by King George of England, has done something to overcome the inveterate prejudices which exist at the Court of Vienna against any one not of royal or imperial birth. In Hungary the Duchess had been very popular; indeed, some chivalrous Hungarian leaders had already let it become known that, on the death of the Austrian Emperor, they would not only elect Franz Ferdinand as apostolic King, but his wife as Queen.

The tragedy gains deeper pathos because it leaves the venerable head of the house of Hapsburg so utterly alone. His has been a life overborne by grief. A quarter of a century ago he lost, in a most tragic way, his only son. Sixteen years ago his wife was murdered. His brother, Maximilian, became Emperor of Mexico, only to be shot there, and Carlotta, Maximilian's wife, became an inmate of an insane asylum. The Emperor's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Alençon, was burned to death in Paris. The Archduke John, who suddenly renounced his rank and became plain Johann Orth, disappeared. And now comes the loss of another nephew, the heir presumptive.

As the children of Franz Ferdinand's morganatic marriage are debarred from the throne, the new heir presumptive is Charles Francis Joseph, the son of the late Archduke Otto, who married Josefa, daughter of the late King of Saxony.

The assassination of the Archduke and his

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wife was followed by bloody riots at Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, between Mohammedan Croats and the Serbs. In the attempts of the Croats (aided by Austrians) to drive the Serbs back into their own quarters many serious incendiary fires were started, which at one time threatened the destruction of the city. It was reported that in the street fighting in Mostar over two hundred Serbs were killed. Rioting also broke out in other towns of Herzegovina.

BOSNIA'S HISTORY

The assassination turns attention to conditions in Bosnia. As The Outlook has more than once pointed out, the history of Austria-Hungary in Bosnia and the neighboring province of Herzegovina has been a very remarkable one. These provinces are together about the size of West Virginia, and have a population of nearly two millions. Exasperated by Turkish misrule, the people rose in rebellion in 1875, just before the time of the Bulgarian atrocities which precipitated the Russo-Turkish War. Several former Turkish provinces were delivered from the oppressor by that war, among them being Bosnia and Herzegovina. By the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, the European Powers handed over the two provinces to the Austro-Hungarian Government for military occupation and administration. During the period which has intervened nowhere in Europe has there been a greater proportionate advance in civilization.

The provinces lie between the Province of Croatia and the Kingdom of Servia. Hence the population of the provinces is naturally Croato-Serb, the two elements being nearly equal. A smaller element is that represented by the Mohammedans.

Austro-Hungarian rule in Bosnia and Herzegovina differs from Servian rule in Servia primarily in the administration of the courts, and secondarily in educational, social, and agricultural progress. In Bosnia education is free in the fifteen hundred elementary schools, and a chief feature of the teaching is that of practical agriculture. Another feature of progress is that represented by transportation. When Austria-Hungary assumed rule, there were no railways and but a few wagon roads in the provinces. The primitive conditions were manifested by murder on a large scale. It was even said that the average number of murders reached ten thousand a year. They now average but a very small part of that total. But the latest murders will call attention to conditions which exist not so much in Bosnia as across the border in Servia.

In 1908 both Bosnia and Herzegovina were formally annexed to the Austrian Empire. This was in accordance with what appeared to be the logic of events; but, although it had the tacit approval of the great Powers, it was a very arbitrary proceeding. While the Serbs gained many material advantages, they were subjected to a very repressive régime. They have come to feel that all the benefits conferred on them during the period in which they were under Austrian protection really inured to the benefit of Austria herself; that she was putting property that she proposed to seize in the best possible condition. Consequently there has been a deep feeling of resentment on the part of many Servians and a good deal of talk about Austrian treachery and Servian suffering. This agitation has been especially intense in Sarajevo. It is said that the Grand Duke was warned not to visit that city. When the Emperor Francis Joseph went through the newly acquired territory a few years ago it was said that he was greatly disappointed by the coldness of his reception. The Servians have felt that very unfair advantage was taken of them, and, while some opportunities were offered them, they were checked at every point when they clung in any way to Servian ideals and habits.

DIPLOMATIC COMMUNICATIONS WITH JAPAN

The publication of the diplomatic correspondence between our Government and the Government of Japan relating to the California Alien Land Act enables the country for the first time to get an authoritative statement of the Japanese position. Readers of The Outlook will do well to read the correspondence and not to accept the inferences of the newspaper headlines or the newspaper interpretations of the statements of the Japanese Government.

The so-called Webb Bill passed the California Legislature on May 3 of last year, and six days later Viscount Chinda, the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, informed the Secretary of State that Japan had learned of that legislation "with painful disappointment," and that his Government felt con-

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strained to offer to the American Government "its urgent and explicit protest," expressing the opinion that the act was "essentially unfair and discriminatory," and that it was impossible to ignore the fact that it "was primarily directed against my countrymen." The Ambassador pointed out that the Act deprived the Japanese of the right to transfer to their heirs land and property acquired in this country, a right which existed when such property was acquired. This, he contended, was in conflict with the article of the treaty which grants to the Japanese the "most constant protection" for their property.

The Ambassador also contended that the same article granted the right to Japanese to own houses, factories, warehouses, and shops, and declared that the limitations and restrictions of the Webb Act which were not equally applicable to American lease-holders were contrary to the provisions of the treaty; and that all Japanese members of companies and corporations would, by the dissolution of those companies and corporations, under the Act, be excluded from distribution of the corporate property, in abridgment of their vested rights.

The Secretary of State, in answer, expressed the great regret of the American Government that the Government of Japan should regard this legislation as an act of unfriendliness; fearing it might be so regarded, the Secretary of State had very earnestly attempted to induce the legislative authorities of California to reconsider or to modify their plans in the matter, urging that the State should not act as a separate unit in this case but rather in co-operation with the Federal Government. "Under the Constitutional arrangement of the United States," he said, "we could do no more than that." The Secretary declared that the object of the legislation in question was not political but economic, based on the economic conditions existing in California and the desire of her people to avoid certain conditions of competition in their agricultural activities. Later the Department of State contended that the ownership of land has seldom been treated in the practice of the United States as a matter of the most favored nation treatment.

THE JAPANESE CASE

On August 26 last the Japanese Ambassador presented a cabled note from the Japanese Foreign Office in which the position was taken that by depriving the Japanese subjects of the right of land-ownership, while freely continuing the right not only in favor of the subjects and citizens of all the other Powers with which the United States maintains reciprocal treaty relations, but in favor of many non-treaty aliens, a discrimination of the most marked and invidious character against Japan was established; that the existing treaty between the two countries has been violated; that the remedy devolves solely upon the Government of the United States because, in spite of strong protest, the legislation objected to has been permitted to go into operation. The Japanese Government does not imagine that the discrimination was the outcome of a National policy; it has regarded the legislation in question as of a local character; but it is clearly indicative of racial antagonism, and, in the judgment of the Japanese Government, there is no justification in the assertion that it is due to economic conditions.

The note declares that the present case stands out as the one single instance without historical parallel in which a state maintaining by treaty the reciprocal most-favored-nation relations with another state has ever, in a matter such as that under discussion, essayed to discriminate against such other state, as compared with third powers with which no such relations exist. The question of immigration, the Japanese note declares, has nothing to do with the present controversy, and reference to it obscures the real issue.

With the delivery of this note last August the negotiations reached a deadlock and were practically discontinued. Baron Makino, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, suggested as a possible means of escaping the deadlock negotiations for a new treaty between the United States and Japan which would give the Japanese in this country all the rights of the most-favored-nations' aliens in the matter of the land tenure; but Baron Kato, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, formerly Japanese Ambassador in London, has taken the matter up at the point at which it was dropped last August. The Secretary of State has contended from the beginning that no treaty right of Japan has been violated, and suggested as a solution of the alleged discrimination against Japanese subjects recourse to the American courts, pointing out the well-known principle that a treaty is the supreme law of the land,

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and offering the assistance of the American Government in any endeavor of the Japanese to secure justice by this means.

But the Japanese Government declares that it is dealing, not with the State of California, but with the United States Government, and that it looks for justice and proper interpretation of the treaty to Washington. This brings out the chief difficulty in the situation; because, as was pointed out by a correspondent in The Outlook at the time when the legislation was pending, the question is eight-tenths National. No foreign Government can deal with a State; it can deal only with the United States.

The Japanese Government cannot be expected to go into our courts, either directly or indirectly, to secure an interpretation of a National agreement. Under our system of State and National government, that duty rests in all cases affecting international relations with the National Government. If our Government has any doubts as to the proper interpretation of the treaty, it should itself find a way to bring the question before the Supreme Court of the United States. If it has no such doubts, it should be ready, on the request of Japan, to submit the question as to the true interpretation of the treaty to the Hague Tribunal.

POPULARIZING CHILDREN'S COURT STATISTICS

The Manhattan Children's Court of New York City has just issued a report which gives many new facts concerning delinquent and dependent children, and has presented them in a simple way easily understood by the ordinary reader. It finds that twenty-five per cent of the children were brought into the court for trifling offenses, such as playing ball and building fires on the street; thirty-eight per cent were improper guardianship cases in which the Court was asked to assume the position of guardian for the child; the remaining thirty-eight per cent were cases of children who had committed serious offenses involving moral turpitude, such as burglary and sex offenses.

The first court experience is really a most impressive thing to any child, but upon second or third experience it ceases to be extraordinary and is regarded in a matter-of-fact way as one of the hazards of street life. Twenty per cent of the 9,019 children arraigned last year had had previous court experiences, and from all appearances were well on the way toward chronic delinquency.

The Court finds that the home life and surroundings of delinquent children is really the root of the whole matter. Of the nearly 3,000 children whose cases were investigated by trained probation officers, thirty-five per cent came from broken homes—that is, where one or both parents were dead or the parents were separated. This percentage does not take into account the cases in which drunkenness, poverty, and sickness were contributory causes to delinquency.

The age statistics show that the fourteenth and fifteenth years are the ages when both boys and girls are most liable to get into serious trouble. This is the adolescent period and time when school work becomes irksome and it is difficult to fit into the industrial life of the community. Children at this age are very little understood, and the Court points emphatically to the necessity of greater care being taken in providing for proper occupation and recreation for children at this age. Street associations have much to do with getting children into habits of delinquency. The report shows that in fifty-four per cent of the cases children were associated with others in offending against the law. The report gives many other interesting and important facts illustrated in a popular way.

In compiling this new form of report the Court has had the helpful co-operation of the Committee on Criminal Courts of the Charity Organization Society. Copies of this extremely valuable report may be obtained from Mr. Frank Smith, Chief Clerk of the Court of Special Sessions, 32 Franklin Street, New York City.

THE WHEAT ARMY AT WORK

An army of 60,000 harvesters, in addition to the farmers themselves, began June 15 to gather the greatest wheat crop in the Nation's history. The wheat belt of the interior States will be a busy place until early fall, gathering and threshing the abundant production. If the spring wheat, now in most promising condition, produces as estimated, the Government statistics indicate 947,000,000 bushels for the total output of the year, larger by eighteen per cent (187,000,000 bushels) than the best previous yield, last year's.

The Southwest, where in 1913 the corn crop ran short, has never had anything approaching the wheat crop now being cut.

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Kansas, for instance, a State four hundred miles long by two hundred wide, will harvest at least 61,000,000 bushels above last year's crop, and 50,000,000 more than in its previous record harvest, that of 1901. The mere increase over last year is greater than the State's total crop in a year such as 1911. In the four winter wheat States—Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas—the combined yield this season will exceed last year's by 100,000,000 bushels, and last year's harvest in those States was a very large one.

This marvelous crop has required the utmost efforts of the farmers to gather it safely. In counties where the population is small as many as 3,000 extra laborers have been needed. Workers have been traveling westward on freight trains and on foot, seeking the high prices, $2.50 to $3 a day, paid gladly for efficient help. Hundreds of college boys have joined the harvester army. Thousands of teams, cooks, and engine men have been needed. Railways are confronted with the greatest task in their history in moving the grain, and every side track in the West has for weeks been filled with empty cars for the coming emergency.

In addition to the receipts from the grain there has been secured a winter's pasture on the fields, a miracle of helpfulness in view of the corn failure all through the Middle West last year. The march of the harvesters will end in the Dakotas late in summer, and their activities will add materially to the courage and hopefulness of every Western community.

WHAT A BUMPER CROP MEANS

This great wheat crop, translated into terms of business, means an impetus to trade in every part of the Nation. Between $225,000,000 and $300,000,000 in cash will be paid to the farmers of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Oklahoma, a territory seriously stricken by drought last season—and most of it will be obtained in a short time. Owing to the light yields in foreign wheat countries, the price is ranging around 70 cents a bushel at primary markets, a higher figure than was anticipated. Weekly exports of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 bushels are expected when the grain reaches the seaboard. This should bring a revival of trade to every part of the interior, enable the farmers to meet their obligations to the banks, and generally revive conditions that have for several months been quiet.

The distribution of millions of dollars in wages among the laboring men of the West, the employment of every idler, and the consequent advantage to the merchants also serve a helpful purpose. The railways, despite their extensive preparations for hauling the grain to market, acknowledge that it will take months to transfer the mighty volume to terminal points. When it is remembered that the entire wheat yield of the world is about 36,000,000,000 bushels, the raising of one-fourth of it in the United States places us in a position of power among the bread-eating nations. If business depression is "psychological," there ought to be some compensating sentiment in the contemplation of such a generous outpouring from our own fields, and it should be of benefit to the business world, promising the influence that always comes from full pocketbooks.

The middle of August will see much of the wheat money in the merchants' hands; then will be encouragement to make larger purchases, and the wheels of industry will receive an impetus direct and positive. Already the Secretary of the Treasury has begun to offer assistance to the interior banks which must finance the movement of the crop. Money must be advanced to the elevator man to buy from the farmer; the miller must have credit to lay in his supplies. It means a money strain for several months to come all through the wheat belt, but the situation is well in hand, and this phase offers no difficulties.

Following the headers and the self-binders are the plows already turning the stubble for the next sowing, and it is likely that the exceptionally large production of this year will lead to another great acreage, and, until there comes a season of light yield, an era of expansion in wheat-growing. On a barn on a deserted farm out in western Nebraska is written in huge letters, "Gone—man cannot live by wheat alone," and this lesson will again be learned, though it is forgotten in this year of plenty.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACES

It has been an unpropitious year for the "favorites" in more than one branch of sport. Harvard was defeated by Yale upon the Thames, the American polo team was decisively defeated by its English rivals, and our best golfers failed even to make what looked like a showing upon the dunes of Sandwich. True to this precedent, the regatta at Poughkeepsie brought forth a some-

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what unexpected winner and a still more unexpected possessor of third place. The winner was Columbia. The crew forced into third place was the almost habitually victorious Cornell.

The finish of the Poughkeepsie regatta was in its closeness almost as dramatic as the finish upon the Thames. Added to this was the fact that three crews instead of two were competing closely for the final honors. Columbia, which caught the water last but one of the contending crews, at the first mile had reached third place. The end of the second mile found her in second place, one-eighth of a length ahead of Pennsylvania. The end of the third mile found her again behind both Pennsylvania and Cornell. One-half mile from the finish, Pennsylvania in the lead, found the New York crew closely pressing her for first place. The final sprint carried Columbia victoriously over the line by one and one-quarter lengths. Pennsylvania followed, one-eighth of a length ahead of Cornell. Six lengths behind these leaders came in turn Syracuse and Washington, with Wisconsin trailing in the rear.

It has been nineteen years since Columbia won the Poughkeepsie regatta, and in the meantime the lion's share of the honors has persistently gone to Cornell. Last year, indeed, Columbia "killed off" the crew from Ithaca by a desperate spurt in the first two miles, a spurt to which Cornell gallantly responded, only to find itself too exhausted to win the duel at the finish line against Syracuse.

With the Poughkeepsie regatta ends practically the rowing season of 1914. It is to be regretted that the crew from Wisconsin and the crew from the University of Washington could not have made a better showing. It would have added much to the interest of the sport if these crews from the West could have placed themselves nearer the van. Perhaps the long trip from Wisconsin, and the still longer trip from the Pacific coast, is too much of a handicap for any crew to overcome. It would be an interesting occasion, however, if the Challenge Cup should some time find its way across the continent.

One event, indeed, of interest to American oarsmen still remains. Harvard's second crew is now in England preparing for the Henley regatta. Drawings for the first race have already been made, and this crew from the Charles is to row its first race against redoubtable Leander. The beating of this crew would partly reconcile Harvard's oarsmen to the defeat upon the Thames. Together with Harvard the Union Boat Club of Boston is represented in England by an eight. Several Americans are also entered in the classic race for the Diamond Sculls.

THE TRANSATLANTIC FLYING-BOAT

It is still claimed that a very serious attempt will be made during this summer to cross the Atlantic in a hydroaeroplane. The preliminary work on the America, the so-called transatlantic air-ship built for Mr. Rodman Wanamaker by Glenn H. Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York, has been practically completed. The air-ship was tested last week in short flights above the waters of Lake Keuka.

While weather conditions since the launching of the ship have been such as to prevent exhaustive tests of the new machine, it has already been made to fly with approximately double the heaviest load ever carried by an aeroplane in this country, and by far the heaviest load ever carried by any hydroaeroplane in the world. On June 29 a flight was made, with a burden of ten men, fuel, and supplies, weighing in all more than seventeen hundred pounds. On the 30th the America lifted a cargo weight of over eighteen hundred pounds. The gross weight of the machine with this latter load was about forty-eight hundred pounds. Apparently even with such a load the big flying-machine "handled" very satisfactorily. When she is fully loaded for her proposed transatlantic flight, it is expected that with pilots and cargo she will weigh practically two and a half tons.

The spread of the upper wing of the America, a picture of which appears elsewhere in this issue, is seventy-four feet, her length over all is thirty-four feet, her cabin, in which her crew of two pilots must accommodate themselves during her trip, is seven feet long, five feet high, and four feet wide. Small quarters these in which to endure a flight across the Atlantic Ocean, but apparently not too cramped to discourage the attempt. In this small space there are seats for the two pilots. From either or both of these seats the ship may be operated. Near these seats are the aviation instruments, the tachometer to show the speed of the two one-hundred horse-power motors with which the flying-machine is equipped, aneroid barometers to show the altitude of the machine,

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a gauge that shows the velocity of the machine relative to the speed of the air, an inclinometer showing the angles at which the ship is flying, and fuel and oil gauges giving constant record of the supply. In this cabin also are to be found the navigation instruments of Lieutenant Porte, the English officer who is to command the ship. The America will carry 312 gallons of gasoline and thirty gallons of lubricating oil.

It will be remembered that Mr. Orville Wright has publicly said that he did not believe that at this time the science of aeronautics had sufficiently advanced to warrant attempting a flight across the Atlantic. Coming from such an authority, a statement to this effect must be taken as important evidence that the chances against the successful completion of a transatlantic flight by the America are very grave indeed. Everything, of course, is impossible until it has once been accomplished. That, with the brief history of the flying-machine in view, such an attempt should be seriously considered is, however, a matter of much more than usual interest.

The present plan for the transatlantic flight contemplates a twenty-hour journey from Newfoundland to the Azores, thence to Spain and England. The attempt to cross the Atlantic will be made, it is reported, on July 20.

A GIFT ACKNOWLEDGED

The New York Public Library has received from an anonymous donor a gift of five thousand dollars, with the request that the gift be acknowledged through the columns of The Outlook.

This donation is given on the condition that the marble bust of the late Mayor Gaynor be placed in the library building, and that an engrossed copy of certain extracts from Mayor Gaynor's writings and speeches, as furnished by the donor, be framed and hung up opposite the bust. In the letter accompanying the gift the donor leaves entirely to the taste and judgment of the directors the character of the bust and the pedestal. He expresses especial sympathy for the late Mayor Gaynor as a martyr to the abuse of "yellow journalism." He requests that no name be given as that of the donor; in fact, no name and no address accompany the gift. The Board of Directors of the New York Public Library will not meet again until next October, so that the question whether the wishes of the donor can be carried out cannot be determined before that time.

We have no wish to anticipate their decision, but we venture to remind the donor that there are some serious difficulties in the way of the acceptance of his gift. The trustees can hardly convert the New York Public Library into a Westminster Abbey, in which the statues of eminent Americans are to be placed, and then allow any one to select for this honor a citizen, provided he is willing to pay the cost of the statue; and it will be scarcely less difficult for them to constitute themselves a board for the selection of candidates for such a temple of honor. A gift for the specific purpose of increasing the equipment or facilities of the library, accompanied with the name of the one in whose memory it is made, would present quite a different question.

OPIUM-BURNING IN CHINA

Recent political events in China have been so important as quite to overshadow some other events. Perhaps the most interesting of the other events has been the progress still being made in opium reform.

The latest indication of the progress of this reform is contained in a Peking paper just at hand, with its account of the second of the big opium-burnings, to take place in the Chinese capital. In the large open place west of the Temple of Heaven and east of the Temple of Agriculture the authorities prepared a great furnace or grate, where the opium pipes and other accessories were to be burned. Moreover, the authorities extended a cordial invitation to all interested to attend this burning. They had caused to be printed a list of the cases which had come before the Court during the last few months, and the amount of opium to be burned, according to their estimates, exceeded 6,000 ounces, together with pipes and other things. How the reform is progressing since the first great burning was held in Peking, last November, is shown by the fact that about two hundred cases of opium offenses have been heard.

Almost everything which the Chinese do is picturesque, and the progress of opium reform has certainly been picturesque. The very language of the Imperial, and now of the Republican, mandates in this respect has been quaint and forceful. The summary acts of Imperial and Republican officials in

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executing these mandates has been certainly dramatic. And dramatic too has been the progress of this great unwieldy nation of four hundred million people in ridding itself of a vice which was eating out its heart and actually sapping its national consciousness. As The Outlook said last week, this social reform preceded the political reform which has transformed the oldest monarchy in the world to the youngest of republics. The rising up of the whole nation in the attempt to rid itself of the opium evil awakened the political as well as the social conscience, and thus hastened the later political reform.

THE NEW FREEDOM

Why do not those who believe in the New Freedom unite with the Democratic party? Because they do not believe in the New Freedom as Mr. Wilson understands it. To them the New Freedom means something radically different.

The Constitution of Louisiana (1879) thus defines the function of government: "Its only legitimate end is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property. When it assumes other functions, it is usurpation and oppression."

The Progressive does not believe in this definition—a definition which still represents the tendency if not the complete doctrine of the Democratic party. He believes that the people, by their government, may do whatever they can do better for themselves than private enterprises will do for them; that government may carry their mails, conduct their express business, take care of their savings, develop harbors, dredge navigable rivers, build roads, construct and operate an international canal, aid agriculture, promote manufactures, supervise railways, banks, and insurance companies, protect the public health, maintain parks and playgrounds, manage museums, art galleries, and open-air concerts, provide by public taxation a vast system of popular education and determine its nature and limits, and may, if the people so will, protect a weaker nation from foreign aggression and domestic insurrection, and govern it for the sake of teaching it self-government. If the Progressive does not believe in Government ownership and operation of railways, banks, insurance companies, mines, and manufactures, it is because he believes that they can be better managed for the public welfare by private enterprise under Governmental supervision and control.

In "The American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce, as far back as 1888, puts clearly and tersely the difference between the Old Freedom and the New Freedom. He writes: "I do not ignore the strongly marked democratic character of even the first set of constitutions formed at and just after the Revolution; but that character manifested itself chiefly in negative provisions, *i. e.*, in forbidding exercises of power by the Executive, in securing full civil equality and the primordial rights of the citizen. The new democratic spirit is positive as well as negative. It refers everything to the direct arbitrament of the people. It calls their will into constant activity."

The Democrat declares his desire to go back to the faith of the fathers; the Progressive does not wish to go back to the faith of the fathers, he wishes to go forward, inspired by his faith in their sons. The Democrat wishes to restore in this country the Freedom of 1879; the Progressive wishes to create in this country the Freedom of 1950.

Let us attempt to contrast here the two—the Old and the New Freedom—without injustice to either.

The Old Freedom is individual; the New Freedom is social. The Old Freedom demands a government of narrowly limited powers; the New Freedom desires a government of expanding powers. The Old Freedom believes that the individual can care for his own interests; the New Freedom believes that the individuals can combine in caring for their common interests. The Old Freedom is afraid of power—steam-boilers sometimes explode; the New Freedom welcomes power, for it believes that steam-engines can be so regulated that they will not explode. The Old Freedom remembers the galley slave, and says, Let each man paddle his own canoe; the New Freedom does not fear the return of the galley slave, and desires a boat crew. The Old Freedom says, Every man for himself, and sometimes adds, under breath, the rest of the proverb; the New Freedom says, Let each man care for all, and society care for the hindmost. The Old Freedom is afraid of great industrial organizations, and wishes to dissolve them; the New Freedom believes in great industrial organizations, whether of labor or capital, and wishes to control, direct, and employ them.

A father governs his children. They work

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under his direction and grow up under his care. When they are old enough, they go out from the home to govern and care for themselves. Then they form new ties, new families, new social and industrial partnerships. Society is going through a similar transformation. In the Middle Ages the autocrat said to the individual, I will take care of you. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the individual said, Henceforth I will take care of myself. In this beginning of the twentieth century the individuals are saying to themselves, We are now old enough and wise enough to combine in caring for all.

The Old Freedom believed in a community of self-governing individuals. The New Freedom believes in a self-governing community.

First was Paternalism; then Individualism; now is the dawn of Fraternalism.

This is the faith of the Progressive; this is why he cannot join the Democratic party. He does not believe in the Democratic aims; he does not desire to restore the spirit of the fathers. He follows neither Jefferson, who believed in the people but not in a strong government; nor Hamilton, who believed in a strong government but not in the people. The Progressive believes in a strong government because he believes that the people are wise enough and virtuous enough to make it strong and make it free. If he believes in the short ballot, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, it is not because he believes that these are panaceas, but because he desires to "refer everything to the direct arbitrament of the people," and these are the methods proposed for that purpose. He appeals to the people to combine for the purpose of preventing child labor, limiting woman's labor, preventing over-time and under-pay for all labor, and putting the perils of modern industry upon the community; he calls on them to unite in order to secure justice for each individual by the concurrent action of all the people, because he is not afraid to "call their will into constant activity."

The Progressive party is not an accident; it is not the blind following of a popular leader; it is not a transient gust of unintelligent enthusiasm. It is the undeliberate, and therefore inevitable, coalition and cooperation of men and women who have come gradually to believe in this New Freedom. It is equally important that those who believe in it and those who dread it should understand it.

WHAT AFTER MEDIATION?

As an instrument for bringing order out of the Mexican chaos the mediation conference at Niagara Falls has from the beginning not afforded much reasonable hope for success. The fact that the Mediators have now taken a recess, which may prove to be a final adjournment, should, on that score, bring to the American people no disappointment.

The very nature of the Mexican problem precludes any solution by consultation between diplomats. A country peopled largely by a primitive, or at least an undeveloped, race, almost wholly illiterate, inured to misgovernment, unfitted for responsibility, helpless before corruption, cannot be put in the way of achieving civilization by an interchange of ideas and propositions between envoys assembled in a foreign land. It is as impossible for the United States or any other country to guide such a people into the ways of orderly government and self-control by such a method as it would be for Great Britain to govern India or to bring order into Egypt by consultation with France or Germany. Mediation is a civilized method of treating an acute controversy between two nations, and its value as an instrument for such a purpose ought not to be discredited by disappointment in its failure to accomplish other purposes for which it is not fitted.

Has, then, the mediation conference at Niagara Falls been a failure? We do not think so. It has served two great ends.

In the first place, it has enabled this country to stop from going in the wrong direction. It may be true that during the mediation proceedings the United States has made no progress in its dealing with Mexico; but it is better to mark time than to march on the wrong road. If it had not been for this conference it is quite possible that the United States might by this time have been at war with Mexico not over a question of civilized government but over the question of the method of firing a salute. The United States was on the wrong road, and it has been a gain to have it mark time.

In the second place, the mediation proceedings have served to save the United States from suffering further loss of the esteem of the greater republics of South America.

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That the United States was losing that esteem is scarcely disputable. The acceptance of the offer made by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile of their good offices in the dispute between General Huerta's government and the Government of the United States was an assurance that the United States valued the confidence and friendship of those countries. Sometimes it is necessary for a man to forego the good will of his neighbors in order to do justice; and what is true of the individual may also be true of the nation. International good will is of enormous value. It is never worth the sacrifice of justice or self-respect; but it is worth every effort, consistent with self-respect, necessary to make ourselves understood. Some of the confidence of our neighbors we may have lost because we have not been able to make them understand us. This mediation conference has done something, perhaps, to persuade three republics at least that the United States was not nursing ambitious schemes at the expense of weaker peoples.

In these two respects the conference at Niagara Falls, however fruitless of immediate result, has been worth while. It has helped to save the United States from doing the wrong thing, and it has helped to persuade the neighbors of the United States that it was not as bad a neighbor as they thought.

As for the Mexican problem itself, it remains about what it was at first. What that problem is the country perhaps better understands now than it did a year ago. As an important contribution to an understanding of that problem, we commend to our readers Mr. Worcester's article in this issue, on "The Mexican Problem in the Light of Philippine Experience."

What, then, is the duty of the United States?

It is certainly not to aid the restoration of the old Diaz oligarchy to power, even if that were possible. The United States cannot risk its own liberties by helping the cause of privilege and oppression in Mexico. Neither is it its duty to leave the problem of civilization to such men as Villa and his associates. Mr. Edward I. Bell, in his recently published book, "The Political Shame of Mexico," puts that proposition cogently when he says: "To stand by willingly while some millions of uneducated Indians, vastly outnumbering the cultivated inhabitants of the country in which they live, try to evolve a working democracy from a state of demoralization only to be relieved by the exercise of the most highly developed judgment, would be as cruel and absurd as to wait for a sick child to grow up and evolve the theory and practice of medicine. . . . The idea that ignorance plus liberty plus Providence is the formula for a commonwealth is no more respectable to-day than Rousseau's theory of a return to nature and the Golden Age."

By virtue of its geographical position, the United States has a distinctive responsibility for conditions in Mexico. This responsibility it cannot evade. The time has already come when this responsibility involves the duty of directing the development of government in Mexico. It is possible that it may discharge this duty with the co-operation of one or more stable Republics of South America. It is possible that it may do so with the co-operation of the Constitutionalist faction in Mexico. It is not improbable that in the discharge of this duty circumstances may require the military occupation of that country. What circumstances will require in that respect will depend largely upon the quality of statesmanship exercised by the Administration within the next few months. Nothing will be gained by avoiding the responsibility. We have had our experience in Cuba and in the Philippines to guide us. Indecision now will only intensify in the minds of Mexicans the feeling that we are engaged in intrigue guided by timidity. The one decisive act in this whole Mexican procedure has been the occupation of Vera Cruz, and that has been productive so far of nothing but good. Our army and navy are capable of undertaking the occupation of Mexico in the same spirit and with the same result as they have shown in the occupation of this one Mexican port, and, rightly guided, can win what is more important than battles—the good will and even the friendship of the Mexican people themselves.

THE ATROPHIED MUST GO

One of the younger Democratic Senators, new to public life, surprised an audience to which he was speaking some months ago by saying that the government of the country has now passed into the hands of young men and that men over fifty are atrophied and are no longer of any use in public affairs. He commented on the fact that the party in power is represented in Congress by a

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group of young men and that we should now look for young legislation. If Vice-President Marshall's recent address to the students of Wabash College has been correctly reported, he is of the same opinion.

"The old man," he said, "is being shoved off the stage everywhere. Failing physical vision is assumed to mark a like diminution of intellectual sight." Some hopeful Americans had come to believe that this delightfully human attitude towards the middle-aged and the elderly had passed away with the other crudities of frontier life. Twenty years ago the President of a Western university wrote to a friend:

"I am in great health and the institution is having great prosperity, but I must soon resign, for in a few months I shall be fifty years old; and in this community a man steps out of the way at fifty, or else is kicked out of it."

Fixing the age-limit at fifty is one of the doctrines to which the country must apparently adjust itself. It excludes the possibility of the re-election of President Wilson, who has passed the fatal mark, and for whom there is no longer any room. Mr. Roosevelt's lassitude during the last Presidential campaign is explained by the fact that he has passed the fatal limit. How fortunate for Europe that this doctrine was not announced a generation ago! It would have excluded Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, the Emperor William, Prince Bismarck, Leo XIII, from activity in the affairs of the world; and, although there are young men in the Democratic party who could have stepped into their places and administered Europe with equal ability and greater fervor, they would not have been at hand to supply the demand.

Youth is a very desirable quality, especially if it is seasoned. The trouble with the youth of a good many members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate is that they are unseasoned. Experience has always been regarded as having considerable value in human affairs, especially in such a body as the United States Senate, which is popularly supposed to represent, not political impulse, but political wisdom. It is to be hoped that the Vice-President will not embody this principle in a bill and push it through with the relentless energy which not only controls the Senate but silences all opposition by characterizing it as either the servant of great interests or based on imaginary conditions. In the presence of such legislation all men in the country over fifty years of age would be cowed into abject silence.

Perhaps the most disconcerting feature of this new doctrine of limited political activity is the fact that Mr. Marshall himself, according to the doctrine, has had an atrophied brain for ten years past.

MORE LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

The Outlook has already reported the very interesting discoveries of Dr. Charles W. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace in their investigation of Shakespeare's connection with the London theaters. One of the humanly interesting incidents in Shakespeare's life discovered by Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, it will be remembered, was the story of how the dramatist played a part in a romance which went on under the roof of the Huguenot family with whom he lodged and how he used his kindly offices in straightening out a love affair. In the past it has been assumed in many quarters that no further light would be thrown on Shakespeare's life; that there was no hope of the discovery of any additional documentary record of the great dramatist. There seems little to justify despair in this field. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a letter from Shakespeare to one of his many friends should not come to light somewhere to-morrow. The only improbability lies in the fact that the dramatist was not very much given to the sort of epistolary industry which goes on between men of letters, and that a good many keen-eyed and eager explorers have been on his trail for several decades past.

In the collection of Shakespeare lectures delivered by the late David Masson, and recently published under the title "Shakespeare Personally" (Dutton, New York), there is a very interesting interpretation of certain revelations in the plays of Shakespeare's personality. The very fact that it is not easy for the critics to put a hand on the poet has moral significance. It shows, Professor Masson tells us, that he had unusual non-obtrusiveness; even an elusiveness in the matter of criticising his contemporaries. His impersonality was as marked in his attitude towards the world as in his plays. There are passive traces of him in parish ledgers, letters patent, rate-books, deeds of convey-

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ance, account-books, and records of law courts; but of the comment on himself or confession of himself which most men leave in the form of letters to friends there is none; at least, so far, none has been discovered. That this "non-obtrusiveness" did not diminish his popularity is evident from the very affectionate allusions made to him by so many of his contemporaries. He had wide acquaintance with brilliant and able men; with some of them he stood in intimate and affectionate relations. We know the names of twenty-five or thirty fellow-actors whom Shakespeare knew; but we have no private letters to his family or to any business acquaintances, no diary or commonplace book of his. There are only five undoubted signatures extant, and three of them are on the sheets of his will. In that will eleven friends are named outside the circle of the poet's own family; but the phraseology is conspicuously free from adjectives or any expression of sentiment. His reticence concerning everything relating to himself was evidently a notable characteristic, and entirely consonant with the character of the man who wrote the plays. Ben Jonson, who was the very opposite of Shakespeare in temperament and mental character, wrote many dedications, prologues, introductions, full of personal allusions and criticisms; and his record of his relations with his contemporaries is as minute as his opinions of them were definite. The man who was always looking on life and feeling it deeply as well, and who could summon upon the stage in personification the most tremendous tragedies of human destiny with complete dispassionateness, had the ability to look dispassionately upon himself. Of all great writers Shakespeare is pre-eminently the man who could get out of his own way.

It is incredible, however, that Shakespeare wrote no letters. It does not follow that, because letters from his hand have not yet come to light, there are no such letters in existence.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, ardent and enthusiastic Americans from the University of Nebraska, are conducting a well-planned and relentless siege of the whole situation. They have examined more than three million records—a fact which shows that when Americans are sufficiently interested they are not lacking in the persistence of the German specialist. If the facts they have so far discovered concerning Shakespeare himself are not many, they are significant and interesting; and they have brought to light an immense amount of information regarding the growth of the theater in London in Shakespeare's time. The London "Times," which has been publishing some reports of Dr. and Mrs. Wallace's more recent discoveries, says: "It is almost as exciting to know that, under Dr. Wallace's guidance, one could go to Southwark and point with a walking-stick to the site of the Globe Playhouse as it was to learn from the same discoverer that Shakespeare lodged in London with a Huguenot family."

The world-wide celebration last April of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the poet's birth was a kind of culmination of the immense industry with which distinguished scholars in England, America, and on the Continent have been approaching Shakespeare from every point of view. They have analyzed his work in the most minute detail, uncovering its sources, putting it in chronological order, and tracing the development of his art. There have been various proposals for a national memorial, and there was a very interesting summer festival at Stratford-on-Avon, at which one of the matters discussed was the best means of teaching Shakespeare in schools.

The Wallace discoveries relate especially to Shakespeare's holdings in the Globe and Blackfriars Theaters and to the position of those theaters. Among the most interesting "finds" were the documents in a lawsuit brought by the widow of a well-known actor, who was a shareholder in both houses, against her father, John Heminges, one of the closest friends of Shakespeare, and, with Condel, the editor of the First Folio. These papers throw light on the financial management of the playhouses in which Shakespeare was interested, and on the extent and character of his interest. The date of the building of the Globe may now be regarded as settled within a month or two, and its exact site has been ascertained. Shakespeare was not the largest shareholder, but he was one of the most important and influential. In one document he is mentioned alone, "Willielmi Shakespeare et aliorum," and in another document the only names which appear are his and that of Richard Burbage, the great actor, who was also his friend.

Seven of these new discoveries record the name of Shakespeare in connection with the site of the Globe. Four years ago, after

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much debate, a Royal Commission was appointed at an estimated expense of $250,000 to find and publish new Shakespeare materials. There are indications that this action was taken to forestall the publication of Dr. Wallace's discoveries. If that was the spirit, it is likely to be defeated. The London "Times" generously recognizes the importance of the work of the Wallaces, characterizing the researches of Dr. Wallace as having "won for him an unexampled reputation for persistency, thoroughness, and devotion extending over many years."

These American scholars are rendering a great service to Shakespearean scholarship, and incidentally to American scholarship. They are doing it at a very heavy expense of time and money. No one can help them in the matter of time; but there ought to be many Americans eager to assist them with money in carrying on a work so original and important.

PUBLICITY MEN IN A CAMPAIGN FOR CLEAN ADVERTISING

BY CHARLES STELZLE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE "service man" of a big Chicago printing establishment was given a two weeks' vacation. He decided to spend the first five days at the tenth annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America in Toronto, which began on June 21. On the evening of the 25th he took the fast train back to Chicago to put into operation some of the constructive ideas that had gripped him during the Convention—"before they grew cold," he said. This is the kind of reaction which most of the nearly five thousand delegates felt at the close of what was repeatedly said to be the most important business men's convention ever held on the American continent.

It may not be fair to make comparisons between this Convention and those which have been held by other organizations of a somewhat similar character, but it is not out of place to compare it with previous conventions of advertising clubs. President William Woodhead, of San Francisco, said to the Convention that if a delegate "started something of a serious nature" only a few years ago he did so at the risk of losing his reputation as a good fellow. For men did not come to conventions of advertising men to think frankly and honestly about the advertising business—they came to have a good time, and to listen, incidentally, to a few inspirational addresses by orators of National reputation, but who never came within a thousand miles of the fundamental principles of serious advertising problems.

Alongside of this situation place the programme of the Toronto Convention: nearly two hundred and fifty formal addresses were delivered, all of them of a more or less technical character, besides the hundreds of impromptu speeches which were made during the discussion on the more carefully prepared papers; the entire Convention went to school in sixteen departmental sessions on two of the convention days, each department spending an average of eight hours in the discussion of trade or professional subjects—post-graduate courses for men who were already leaders in their departments of work. There were sessions for men interested in Direct Advertising, Directories, Agricultural Publications, House Organs, Magazines, Newspapers, Outdoor Advertising, Religious Press, Retail Advertising, Specialty Advertising, Technical Publications, Trade Press, Printing; and there was another session for Advertising Agents.

The entire programme was practically complete and printed sixty days before the delegates met in Toronto. The Chairman of the Programme Committee, John K. Allen, of Boston, built up the programme with men who were masters of their subjects, although, it should be said, it was quite possible to have arranged for an exact duplicate of the Toronto programme from among the delegates who were present at the Convention. Half a dozen years ago, however, it would have been next to impossible to secure writers to handle for the technical and magazine

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press many of the subjects discussed. But when Mr. Allen sent out invitations to prospective speakers, not over half a dozen men declined, and several of these were asked to come from European countries. It is significant that only two speakers failed to appear at the Toronto Convention. The building of this programme was in itself a remarkable indication of progress in the technical field of the advertising business. Formerly the entire enterprise was considered a gamble, run by a group of irresponsible, unrespected men, many of whom were considered fakers. Those who spoke at Toronto were men of the highest grade in the business world.

At previous Conventions the discussions were limited almost entirely to the technique of the advertising business. This year the consumer was brought in. One of the most interesting of all the sessions was "Consumers' Night," when addresses were made on "The Average Woman Consumer—The Jury to Whom is Directed Two-thirds of the Work of the Advertising Man;" "What Publicity Can Do for Transportation;" "Economics and Advertising, Considered from the View-Point of the Consumer;" "The Philosophy of Buying."

There was constant appeal to the principle that advertising must be so improved as to give to the consumer a better service—that advertising is efficient only when the final user of it is not merely persuaded to buy the article advertised, but when he has confidence that the advertiser is honestly serving him.

One of the striking features of the Convention was the religious note heard throughout. Always was there hearty applause when there was an appeal to high ethical and religious principles. As in previous Conventions, lay sermons were preached by delegates in the leading pulpits of the city on Sunday morning, when "Religion in Business" was emphasized. In the afternoon Massey Hall was packed with thousands of delegates to listen to addresses on "International Peace" by Sir Edward Walker and Dr. J. A. MacDonald. His Honor Sir John Gibson presided. The note struck by Dr. MacDonald was several times referred to during the days that followed. One of the great things achieved by the United States, according to the speaker, was the declaration of the rights of self-government for a free people. He said:

> Fourscore and seven years afterward, in the awful crisis of the Civil War, the Republic had to face anew all that was essential in its own Declaration of Independence. And now again the struggle, the everlasting struggle, of democracy for self-government is on in the United States. It is no longer the struggle of democracy against monarchy. It is not the struggle of color against color. It is the more sordid, the more dangerous, the more desolating struggle for social justice, for equal opportunities, for a man's chance at life and the rewards of service within democracy itself. At bottom it is the old issue, involved first in the Revolution and then in the Civil War. It unites the days of George Washington with the days of Woodrow Wilson. It may determine whether the fine democracy of the Declaration and the high dictum of Lincoln shall be degraded into what has been called "government of the people by the rascals for the rich."

The speaker then dealt with the achievements of Canada; how it had gained self-government, although not separated from the mother country, and continued:

> But the greatest thing of all is the joint achievement of these two English-speaking nations of North America. That supreme achievement which North America can show the world is an international boundary line between two nations across which in a hundred years neither nation ever once launched a hostile army or fired a hostile gun. The achievement had been attained not because they were a craven race, nor that they did not have any excuse for going to war, nor because of equality of war forces—these were greatly dissimilar; it has been attained because the two nations desire supremely to be free, are fit for freedom, and have each united all its peoples in unchallenged devotion to freedom's great experiment. North America's greatest message to the world, the message of her schools and churches and halls of legislation, the unwavering message of this unique international convention of business publicity, is this: In peace prepare for more peace.

It was significant, too, that the Convention should be opened with prayer by a layman—a member of the Convention—George C. Hubbs, of Detroit. "Honesty is not only the best policy—it is the only policy," was a sentiment cheered by the Convention. "We have come here not to reform the world, but to reform ourselves," said a number of speakers, in substance. And this was the keynote of the Convention throughout; it was the thing which made this Convention unique as compared with most conventions of every other kind. The discussions were attended by a seriousness of purpose which would have done credit to any religious gathering.

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It was remarkable that there should have been such unanimity among these thousands of men, every man of whom was a strong individualist, having made good in some direction.

There was wholesome fun, of course. These keen-witted men did not miss the chance to puncture flamboyant statements, and they were thoroughly appreciative of the humorous situations which constantly developed; but everything of this sort was done in the most good-natured fashion, and in a way which never embarrassed a speaker. The policy of "town-booming" mildly indulged in by some of the delegates was frowned upon. However, the temptation to boost one's city was too great to be resisted by those who were full of enthusiasm for their new and usually fast-growing towns, largely because, through advertising clubs, they had much to do with local developments. The stories of what some of these clubs have accomplished in the field of reform and education were interestingly told by their representatives—the work done was often of the character of a crusade in securing pure-food laws, in prosecuting fake advertisers, in conducting educational classes for various groups. But chiefly the interest was in the form of self-improvement—a more effective service to the community.

The presentation of the work of the National Vigilance Committee aroused the most animated discussion of the Convention. The attitude of daily newspapers toward clean advertising was dwelt upon by many of the delegates.

"Some publishers are cheating themselves at the game of solitaire," said E. C. Clifford, of the Minneapolis "Journal." "They jolly the preacher and wink at the devil." W. C. Freeman, of New York, defended the newspaper publisher, insisting that if it were not for the daily newspapers the present Convention would have been impossible. He said that in half a dozen years the newspapers in America would be the leaders in the fight against fake advertising of any kind, that already they were doing more, collectively, than any other group to purify advertising columns. The question of a newspaper accepting whisky advertisements was discussed at a number of conferences. The general sentiment upon this point seemed to be against such practice, although some of the delegates insisted that if a whisky advertisement was free from misstatements it should be placed in the class of clean advertising.

"I'd a good deal rather see a newspaper print a whisky 'ad' than to see it print a patent medicine advertisement that contained forty per cent whisky," said one of the delegates. But the heartiest applause was given by the delegates when Mr. Clifford spoke strongly against "booze advertising."

The most important action of the Convention was undoubtedly that relating to "Standards of Practice." One year ago, at the Baltimore Convention, the Associated Clubs adopted a "Declaration of Principles" which included, among other things, the following statement:

> We believe in truth, not only in the printed word, but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication, and dissemination of advertising.
>
> We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller of advertising or advertising material. Governmental agencies insist on "full weight" packages and "full weight" circulation figures. They should also insist on "full weight" delivery in every commercial transaction involved in advertising. We believe that agents and advertisers should not issue copy containing manifestly exaggerated statements, slurs, or offensive matter of any kind, and that no such statements should be given publicity.
>
> We believe that the present chaotic multiplicity of methods of arriving at verification of circulation statements is not only confusing but inadequate, and that the time for radical revision of these methods and for standardization of statements is the present, and the opportunity for constructive work along these lines is given by the assemblage at this Convention for the first time of representatives of all the different interests concerned in this vital matter.

In accordance with this declaration a committee has been at work preparing, with the assistance of a large group of specialists, a series of standards of practice for each of the sections identified with the Associated Clubs. An entire morning was devoted by each of these sections to a discussion of the proposed standards, and they were all unanimously and heartily indorsed by the entire Convention. When these standards become operative—and the new constitution and by-laws adopted by the Convention will make them operative—then the day will have dawned when every advertising man, no matter what his relation to the business, as well as every advertiser, must present a clean bill of health or else he

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will speedily be compelled to go out of business.

So keenly alert had some of the delegates become to the niceties of the ethics of the advertising business that one of them wanted the Convention to apologize to the man who originated the phrase "Swat the fly," because the Convention had adopted as a slogan the paraphrase, "Swat the lie," without giving the "Swat the fly" man due credit.

To secure a fair idea of the character of the standards adopted by the sixteen groups, the following, among the briefer statements, will be suggestive. The business papers accepted as their ideal this document:

The publisher of a business paper should dedicate his best efforts to the cause of Business and Social Service, and to this end should pledge himself:

To consider, first, the interest of the subscriber.

To subscribe to and work for truth and honesty in all departments.

To eliminate, in so far as possible, his personal opinions from his news columns, but to be a leader of thought in his editorial columns, and to make his criticisms constructive.

To refuse to publish "puffs"—free reading notices or paid "write-ups;" to keep his reading columns independent of advertising considerations; and to measure all news by this standard, "Is it real news?"

To decline any advertisement which has a tendency to mislead or which does not conform to business integrity.

To solicit subscriptions and advertising solely upon the merits of the publication.

To supply advertisers with full information regarding character and extent of circulation, including detailed circulation statements subject to proper and authentic verification.

To co-operate with all organizations and individuals engaged in creative advertising work.

To avoid unfair competition.

To determine what is the highest and largest function of the field which he serves, and then to strive in every legitimate way to promote that function.

On the other hand, the general advertisers declared:

Realizing our obligation and responsibility to the public, to the seller of advertising service, the advertising agent and our own organization, we, as general advertisers, pledge ourselves as follows:

To consider the interest of the public foremost, and particularly that portion thereof which we serve.

To claim no more, but, if anything, a little less, in our advertising than we can deliver.

To refrain from statements in our advertising which, through actual misrepresentation, through ambiguity, or through incompleteness, are likely to be misleading to the public or unjust to competitors.

To use every possible means, not only in our own individual advertising, but by association and co-operation, to increase the public's confidence in advertised statements.

To refrain from attacking competitors in our advertising.

To refrain from imposing on the seller of advertising space unjust, unreasonable, and unnecessarily irksome requirements.

To furnish to publishers, when requested, technical information which will help them keep reading pages and advertising columns free from misstatements.

To refrain from and discourage deceptive or coercive methods in securing free advertising and to do everything possible to aid the publisher to keep his columns free and independent.

To require standards for ourselves equal to those we set for others.

The attendance at the Convention was larger than at any previous Convention. Thirty-two oversea delegates were registered, fully a dozen different countries being represented. The delegates from England and Germany pledged themselves to offer prizes, in the names of their clubs, to the clubs excelling in certain particulars which are to be determined later. This action was prompted by the enthusiasm aroused at the Convention by the competition among the American clubs for cups and other prizes given for the most effective work done during the past year.

The Los Angeles Club won the principal prize at the Toronto Convention—the "Printers' Ink" Cup. Minneapolis carried away the Baltimore Truth Trophy, New York the Boston Mileage Banner, and the ladies of Edmonton the Dallas Bodies' Trophy. The $1,000 prize offered by "Advertising and Selling" for the best article on a typical selling campaign was won by James P. Beck, of Chicago.

The next Convention goes to Chicago, after a spirited contest between that city and San Francisco. On account of the world-wide growth of interest in the organized advertising club idea, the name of the Association was changed from the "Associated Advertising Clubs of America" to the "Associated Advertising Clubs of the World."

Toronto, Canada.

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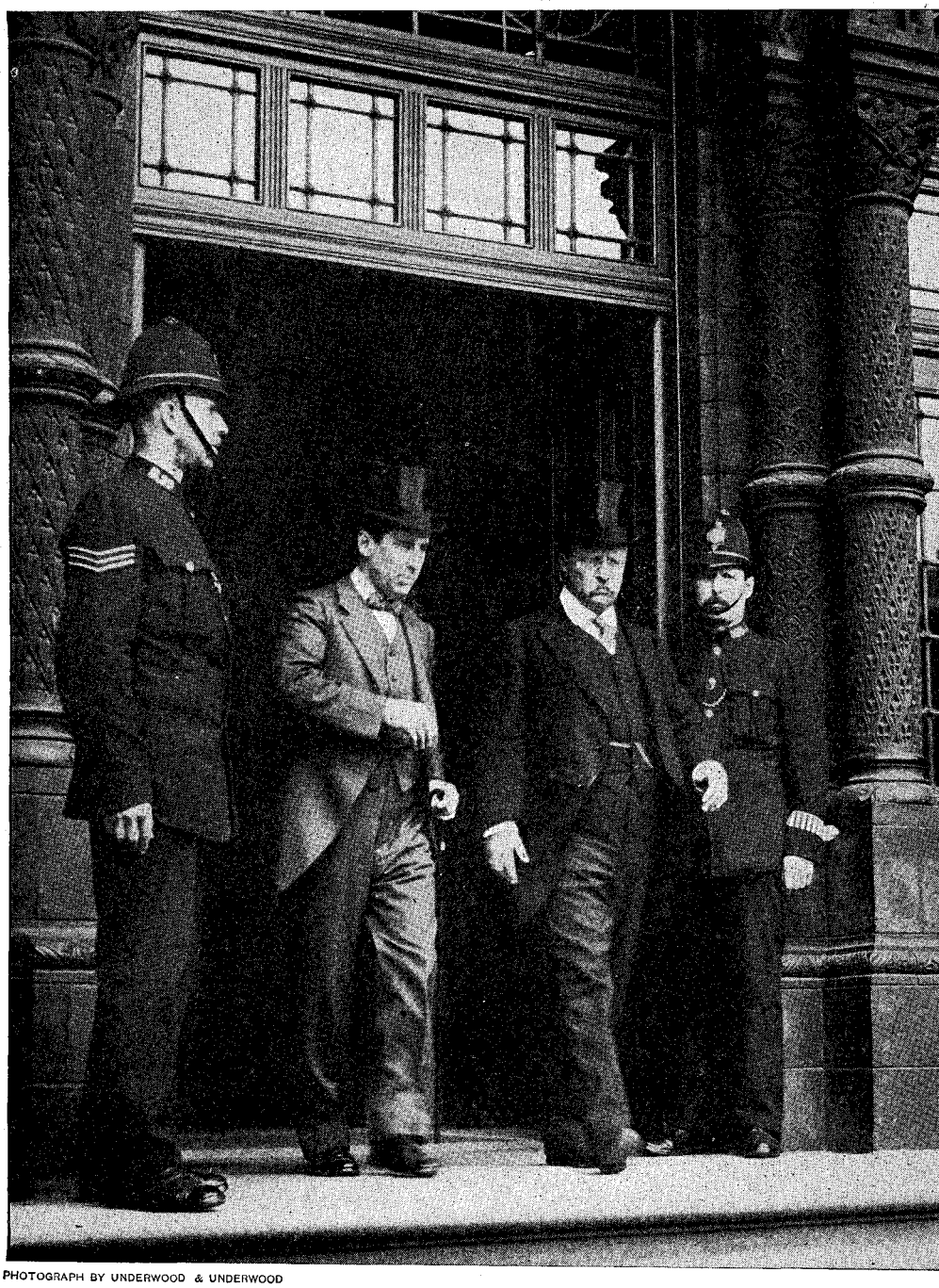
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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MR. ROOSEVELT IN LONDON

On returning from Madrid, whither he had gone to attend his son Kermit's marriage to Miss Belle Willard, Mr. Roosevelt spent a few days in London. In this picture, accompanying Mr. Roosevelt at the left is his friend, Arthur Lee, M.P. The picture was taken as they were leaving the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. See editorial pages

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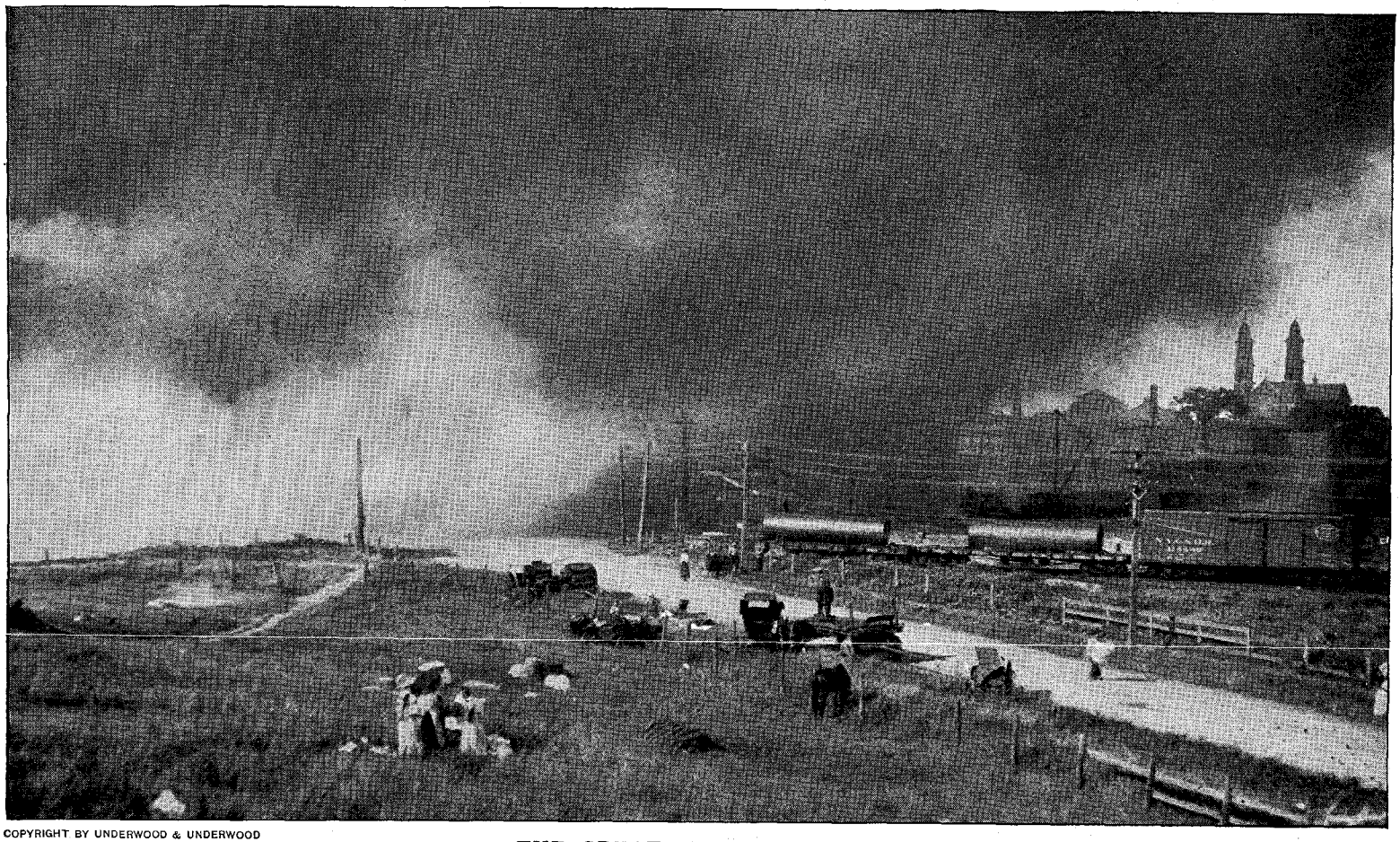

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THE GREAT FIRE IN SALEM

The most disastrous fire that has occurred in the United States for several years devastated Salem, Massachusetts, week before last. Salem was peculiarly rich in fine examples of early American architecture, and some of these, containing priceless memorials of Colonial times, were destroyed by the flames. The money loss ran into the millions, several persons were burned to death, and thousands of people were left homeless. Fortunately most of Salem's historic places, such as the "House of the Seven Gables" and the old Custom-House made famous through their associations with Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Peabody Museum, and the Essex Institute, with their valuable collections, were saved

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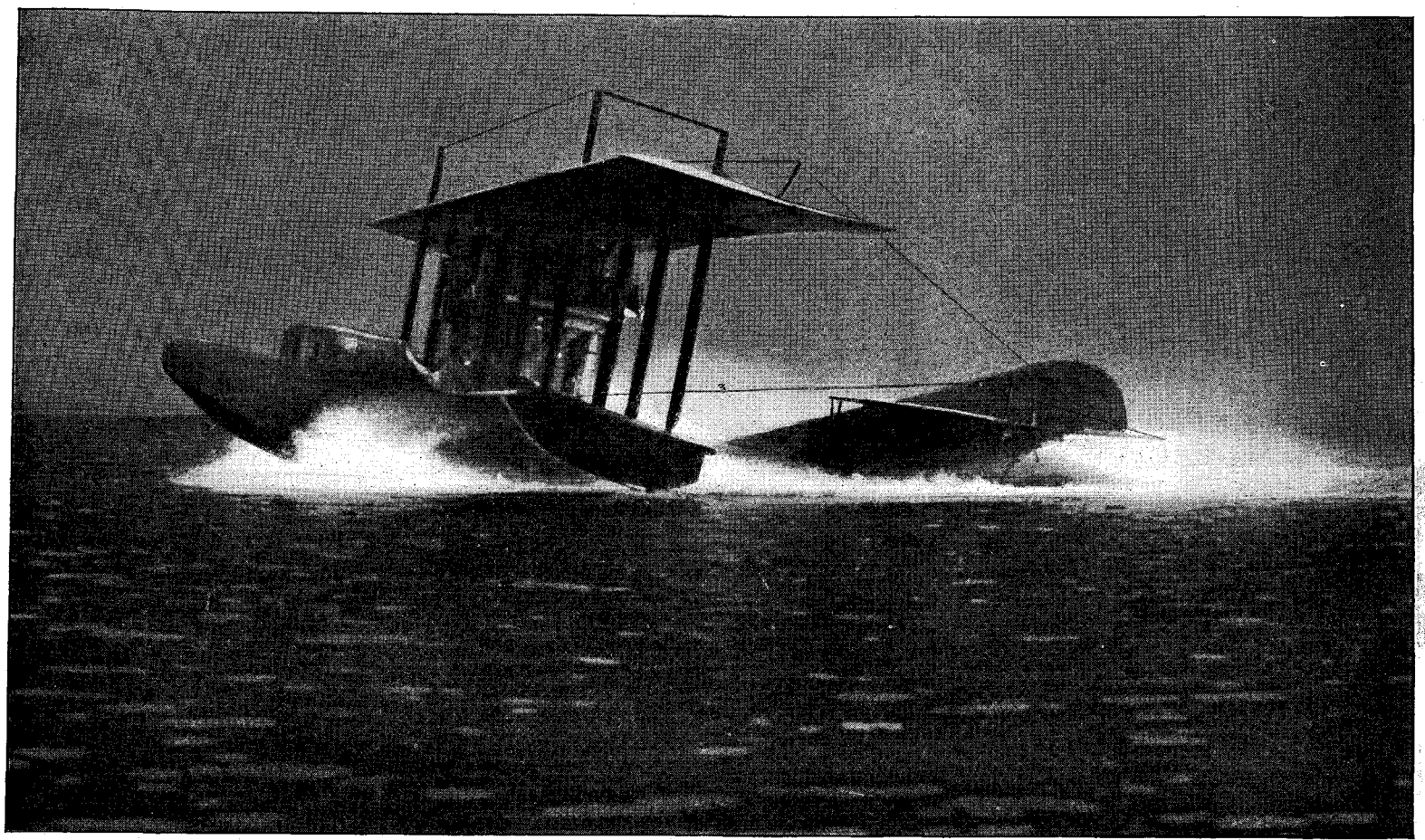

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A FLYING-MACHINE DESIGNED TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

At Lake Keuka, New York, on June 23, the "America," built for Rodman Wanamaker by Glenn H. Curtiss, made her trial trip, which was declared to be successful in every way. The machine made 65 miles an hour under half power. Lieutenant John Cyril Porte has been selected to undertake the flight across the Atlantic in this "seaplane"

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CINCINNATI BOYS GETTING A DUCKING AT THE HANDS OF A SYMPATHETIC FRIEND

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ST. JOHN'S GUILD BABIES ENJOYING AN OUTING ON STATEN ISLAND

WARM WEATHER RELIEF FOR CHILDREN

The summer heat in cities has been recognized medically as a cause of illness and mortality among children, particularly little children. St. John's Guild in New York City is therefore one of the most beneficent of charities. It maintains a Floating Hospital and a Seaside Hospital for sick babies and little children

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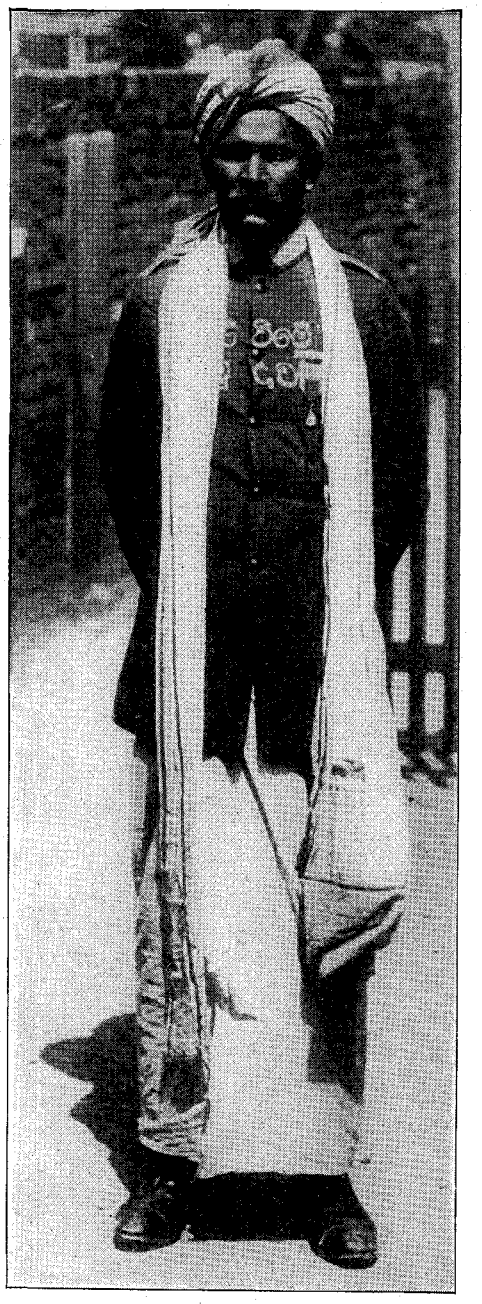
A ZULU OFFICER OF THE ARMY



A DELEGATE FROM INDIA

PICTURESQUE FIGURES IN THE SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS AT CLAPTON, ENGLAND

The Salvation Army has branches in almost every land under the sun. The recent Congress brought together delegates from all these countries, and there might have been a "confusion of tongues" but for the admirable management which uniformly characterizes Salvation Army meetings

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A REST IN A HARVESTED FIELD OF OKLAHOMA

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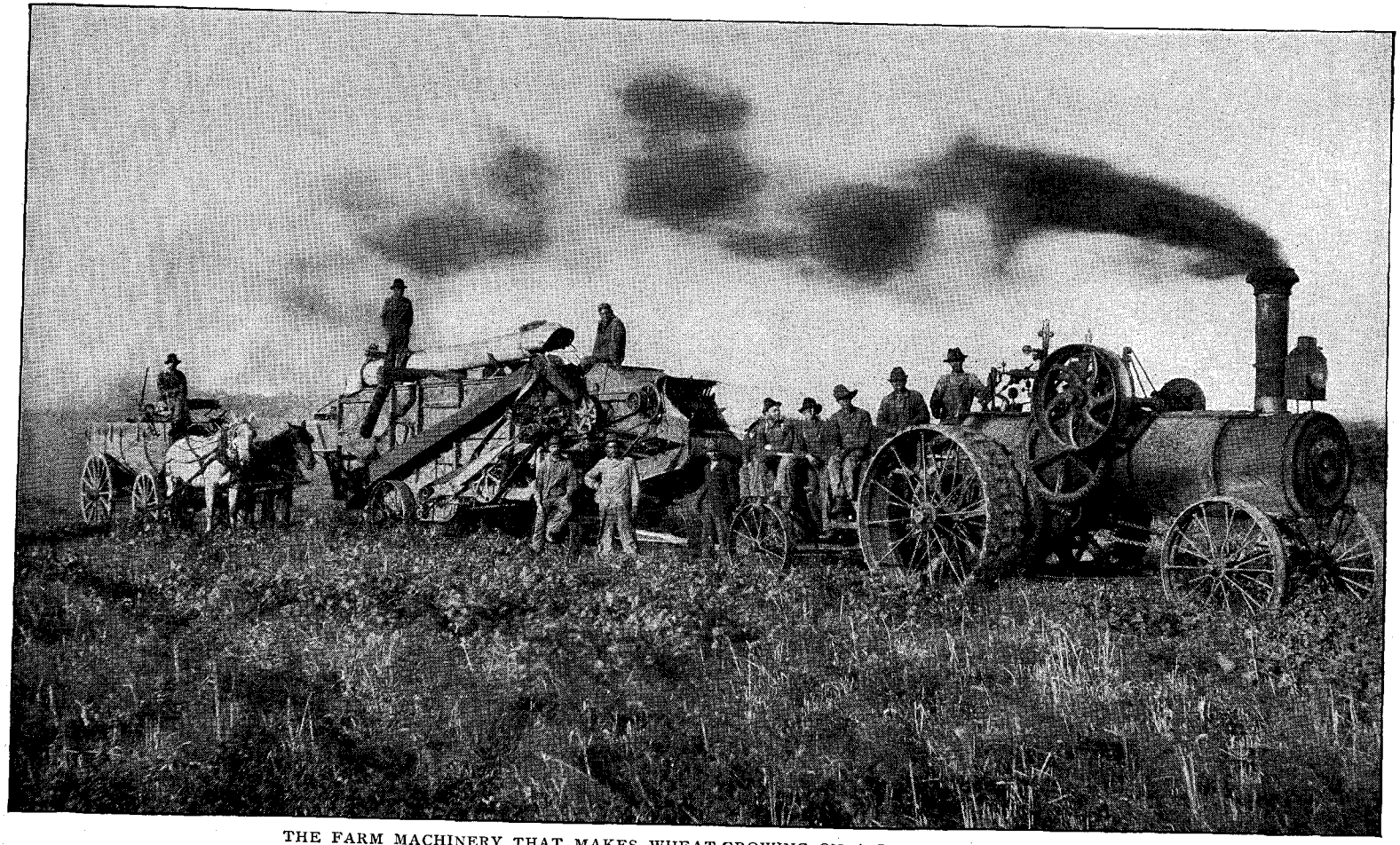

THE FARM MACHINERY THAT MAKES WHEAT-GROWING ON A LARGE SCALE POSSIBLE

IN THE WHEAT-FIELDS OF OKLAHOMA

See editorial account of the great wheat crops of this year. These two pictures graphically indicate that the individualism of the old-time farmer is not superseded but supplemented by the new farm machinery

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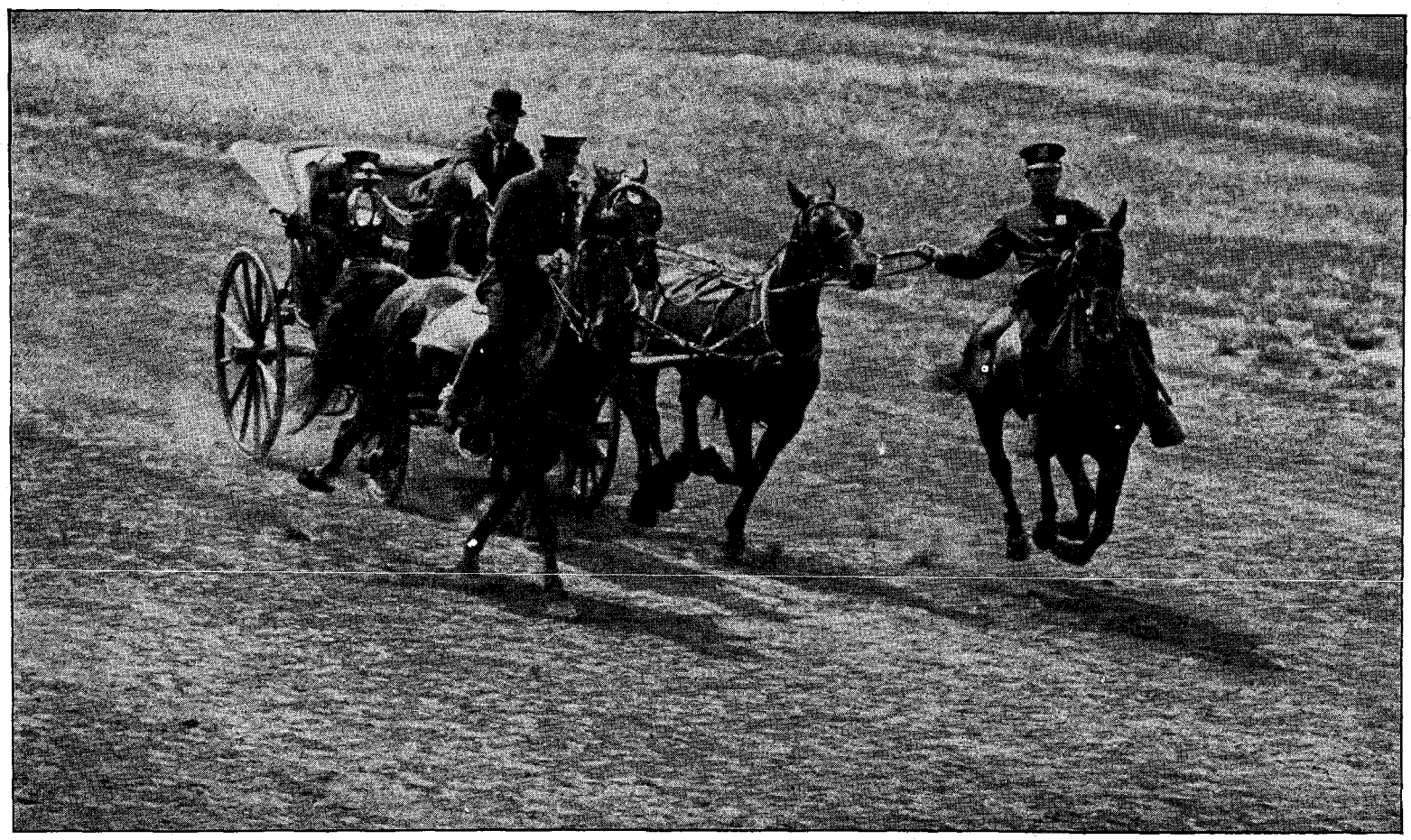

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A RUNAWAY STOPPED BY THE NEW YORK POLICE

The honor men of the New York City Police recently gave a pageant at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, for the benefit of the Honor Roll Fund. The picture shows members of the mounted traffic squad exhibiting their method of stopping a runaway team

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA, AND HIS WIFE

THE LATEST VICTIMS OF THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN

Francis Ferdinand was the nephew of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, and was the heir to the throne of the Dual Empire. On June 28, while visiting Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, he was, with his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, shot and killed by a young Bosnian student. This tragic event is one of a series of similar fatalities which have in recent years befallen the House of Hapsburg, and may have an important bearing on European politics. See editorial comment

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THE MEXICAN QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCE

BY DEAN C. WORCESTER

No American has fuller knowledge of the history, conditions, and requirements of the Philippines than Mr. Worcester, the author of this article. This will be seen when we recall the main facts of Mr. Worcester's work, governmental and literary, in connection with our possessions in the Far East: As a scientist, he had been a member of an expedition to the Philippines as early as 1887, and when he was appointed a member of the United States Philippine Commission in 1899 he had just ready for publication his first work on the archipelago, which was called "The Philippine Islands and Their People." A few years later he published a book on "The Non-Christian Tribes of Northern Luzon," and last year appeared his extensive work "The Philippines, Past and Present," which has been commented upon very fully and very favorably in the press both at home and abroad. Mr. Worcester was a member of the Philippine Insular Government for twelve years. As Secretary of the Interior he had ample opportunities of studying at close range the racial, industrial, economic, and international questions involved. In the following article he applies the experience thus obtained to the United States in its future relations with Mexico. Elsewhere in this issue will be found editorial comment on the point so forcibly presented by Mr. Worcester.—THE EDITORS.

WE have long lingered on the threshold of a war with our nearest neighbor on the south. In many respects the situation which confronts us is strikingly similar to one which we have met successfully in the Philippines. We cannot seriously consider our Mexican problem without recognizing what our Filipino friends would call "old dogs in new collars." In some cases not even the collars have been changed.

No one wanted war with the Filipinos. Few, if any, of our citizens want war with the Mexicans.

Through weary months in 1898 and 1899 we held back our troops, in spite of taunts, insults, and the murder of some of our soldiers, patiently seeking to convince people, whom we desired only to help, of the honesty of our intentions. Assuredly we have also shown extreme forbearance in dealing with the Mexican situation.

We came perilously near paying dearly for our leniency toward the Filipinos, for they improved the time consumed in negotiations to recruit, arm, and drill soldiers and to construct military roads and intrenchments in order the better to resist us. Indeed, they elaborated an ingenious plan for simultaneous attack from within and without upon our inadequately manned lines around Manila. It was to have been followed by a massacre of all whites in the city, and might easily have succeeded. In spite of these overt acts we continued negotiations up to the last moment, in the hope of avoiding an armed clash, but succeeded only in convincing the Filipinos that we were cowards. During 1913 and 1914 we have pursued a similar but far more extreme course in dealing with the Mexicans. Let us hope that it will not lead to similar results.

The final incident which led to fighting in the Philippines was the advance of a small picket, made in order to draw our fire, but ordered by a subordinate military commander, probably on his own responsibility. The shot which it called forth would not have led to war had not the Filipinos been anxious for an excuse to attack us.

The incident which led to the capture of Vera Cruz and the attendant street fighting was the arrest of some of our men by Mexican soldiers acting under the orders of a subordinate military commander. It was promptly disavowed, but not apologized for in precisely the way we demanded. It may not cause war, but it has already resulted in bloodshed, and if war should follow we can at least console ourselves with the thought that

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in Mexico, as in the Philippines, the final and relatively insignificant thing which led to gunfire was in the nature of a "last straw."

There were those who thought that a fight with the Filipinos would soon be over, just as there are those who talk of a short, sharp, decisive war with Mexico. Let us not delude ourselves. It was comparatively easy to crush the organized, armed resistance of that portion of the Filipinos who fought us, but even they, under the favorable conditions of terrain and climate which existed, were able to keep up a disastrous guerrilla warfare for years. Mexicans can offer armed, organized resistance of a far more formidable nature, and their country affords an admirable field for guerrilla operations. Incidentally, very few Filipinos could shoot. There are more Mexicans who can.

Some Americans high in authority believed that the killing or capture of General Aguinaldo would end our troubles in the Philippines, but this did not prove to be the case. Those whose shibboleth has been "Huerta must go" may have a similar unpleasant surprise in store for them. There were plenty of men in the Philippines only too willing to take Aguinaldo's place. So it would be in Mexico were we to eliminate Huerta. To employ the army and navy of the United States against him would be unpleasantly like chasing a flea with a traction engine.

We fought in the Philippines, not to get rid of Aguinaldo, but to establish and maintain a decent state of law and order in territory for which we had become responsible by acquiring it and destroying the previously existing government. But this was not all. We fought to protect weak and helpless people from barbarities which were being perpetrated on them by military leaders who claimed to be officers of a republic which in reality did not exist.

Many weak and helpless Mexicans are now being barbarously treated by military leaders, some of whom claim to be officers of a republic, although the benevolent despotism which under the guise of a republic formerly maintained law and order among them has fallen, and no effective government has taken its place.

Have we a responsibility in Mexico similar to that which we recognized in the Philippines? We have not acquired the territory in question or any part of it, but there are some counterbalancing considerations that tend to justify intervention. The Mexicans have not confined their killing to their own men, their raping to their own women, or their plundering to their own citizens, as the Filipinos at first largely did, but have created for us two distinct groups of uncommonly ugly problems by killing, raping, and plundering United States citizens and other foreigners. We must therefore answer three questions: What are our obligations to our own people? What are our international obligations? What are our obligations to the suffering and helpless inhabitants of a distracted neighboring country?

I am utterly out of sympathy with the contention of those who claim that Americans who go abroad for pleasure or for profit are not entitled to protection, even if such protection costs treasure and blood. Granted that a nation must pay dearly in both for a reputation which will safeguard its law-abiding citizens wherever they may be, is not such a reputation worth what it costs? The thunder of our guns has repeatedly been the answer to this question in the past. Although "watchful waiting" was not proving an adequate reply in the present instance, our guns were silent until there occurred a technical insult to our flag, when men were dragged into arrest from a boat over which it flew. Had it not previously been insulted a thousand times more deeply when our men were brutally murdered and our women foully wronged? True, the flag did not float over them at the moment, but were they not born under its folds? Did they not owe and render to it allegiance? Were they not entitled to its protection? If the plundering, the raping, and the slaughter of those whom it failed to help leads to action which will enable it adequately to protect others in future, these unfortunates will not have suffered in vain; otherwise their sacrifices will ever be a shame and a reproach.

The murders of Americans in the Philippines have never been passed over in silence, nor have they ever been concealed by the insular Government. In many instances those who perpetrated them have been apprehended and brought to justice only after the lapse of years, but the pursuit of such criminals never ceases until they are taken. We have found that it pays to run them down. It would pay in the end to insist on the apprehension and punishment of similar offenders in Mexico, and, were it refused, to enforce our demands.

The probable futility of armed interven-

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tion under the extraordinary circumstances which have existed is the one valid excuse for the signal failure of our Government promptly to inflict swift and stern punishment for the shameful wrongs which our people have suffered, and to exact full reparation for the gross insults thereby offered to our flag.

And what of our international obligations? As we do not exercise sovereignty over Mexico, they are not identical with those which rest upon us in the Philippines, where we owe it to the world to maintain order. The opinion seems somewhat general that the Monroe Doctrine necessarily makes of the United States a sort of international policeman for Central and South America and imposes on us the duty of protecting the lives and property of all other foreigners there resident. This is not the case. Other nations may employ their armed forces to protect their citizens against loss of life or property or to punish wrongs inflicted on them without the necessity of interference on our part; but we cannot allow any European or Asiatic Power permanently to occupy American territory to the south of us without thereby abandoning the Monroe Doctrine; and just there comes the rub. Other Powers have often taken a decidedly less altruistic view of their rights and opportunities than we adopted in Cuba after the war with Spain, repaying themselves for trouble and expense by permanently retaining territory temporarily occupied in dealing with those who had wronged their citizens.

Thus far we have not even been able to make Huerta go. Could we make England or Germany go? Possibly, in time, and at a price; but there is much truth in a certain old saying relative to the value of an ounce of prevention, and, while it may not be our duty to prevent the intervention of other nations in Mexico by rendering it unnecessary, we should consider well whether it would not be wise to do so. England does not view with entire equanimity the murdering of her citizens. Spain can hardly permit her people to be plundered merely because they are Spaniards. What are we going to do about it? Whatever the course of action adopted, may we be spared in future the humiliation of seeing officials whom the death of one British subject can stir to spasmodic, if ineffectual, activity remain silent and passive while scores of their fellow-countrymen go to their doom. Meanwhile, let us derive what satisfaction we can from the fact that the British flag still affords some protection to our citizens in regions in which our own has become a source of danger to them.

It would be fortunate indeed if we could discharge our National and international obligations and re-establish the prestige of our flag without the expenditure of treasure and the shedding of blood and tears which war involves, but we should not remain blind to the improbability of such a happy result. However warmly we may sympathize with the President in his efforts to find a peaceful solution of a most perplexing problem, it would be folly to ignore the obvious fact that unless we are prepared to leave our citizens to their fate and to repudiate the Monroe Doctrine, war between the United States and Mexico will be an ever-present possibility until a strong, just, and stable government has been established in that distracted country.

Unfortunately, it seems highly probable that if there is to be such a government in the measurably near future we must establish it ourselves. Certainly we cannot safely allow any European nation to undertake the task, and there is little reason to believe that the Mexicans can perform it.

Few, if any, of the advocates of the theory that every people is capable of governing itself, and should be allowed to do so, have any first-hand knowledge of the world's more backward denizens. Their strictly academic views would be radically modified by brief personal contact with Negritos, for instance.

Self-government is the latest, and perhaps the final, product of social evolution. To maintain even that every people will ultimately *become* capable of it, if properly directed, is merely to indulge in prophecy, for there are many peoples which have not yet reached this high level, and the future is hidden from us. Certain it is that Mexico has never known peace or prosperity save under the thinly veiled dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, and a real republic is an impossibility there today. Ask any American who has first-hand knowledge of conditions whether an election the results of which represent the will of the people is possible under existing conditions, and you will get but one answer. The establishment of a just and effective government by the Mexicans at this time necessarily involves the coming into power of a strong, great, and good man, and there is no one in sight who seems to have the necessary quali-

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fications. Similar conditions prevail to even a greater degree in the Philippines, where the present establishment of a self-governing republic is simply unthinkable.

Finally, we must ask ourselves whether we have any obligations toward the weak and oppressed common people of Mexico. We have, at all events, recognized a similar obligation in Cuba and in the Philippines.

The President says, "My passion is for the submerged eighty-five per cent of the people of that Republic who are now struggling toward liberty;" and the statement does him honor. No man inspired by altruistic sentiments can view the present situation with indifference; but our neighbor has not requested us to help her set her house in order. Indeed, both Huerta and Carranza have already rather pointedly suggested that the internal affairs of Mexico are Mexico's own concern. If we wish to control them, we shall have to fight for the privilege.

Because of our duty to our flag and to our people, because of our international obligations, and because of humanitarian considerations, war obviously menaces us. If armed intervention becomes necessary, we should enter upon it with the determination to make it so effective as to render further trouble with our neighbor on the south improbable. This means nothing less than the establishment of a strong, stable, and just government throughout that neighbor's territory. Should this titanic task fall to our lot, our experience in the Philippines will shed a flood of light on the stony road which we must tread.

We found there a highland region of limited extent, with a healthful climate, and an extensive lowland region then deemed to be very unhealthful. Better conditions prevail in Mexico, where the healthful highland region is far more extensive than in the Philippines.

Each country is sparsely populated by a complex aggregation of peoples, but Mexico, with nineteen per cent of its population white, forty-three per cent mixed, and thirty-eight per cent brown, is far better off than the Philippines, which had less than a fifth of one per cent white, only slightly more than a fifth of one per cent mixed, and 99.61 per cent brown, yellow, or black when the census of 1903 was taken.

The sixteen so-called "races" of Mexican Indians are more than counterbalanced by the twenty-seven "non-Christian tribes" of the Philippines, to say nothing of the fact that the civilized and Christianized peoples properly designated "Filipinos" number eight.

Numerous distinct native dialects are spoken in both countries, but a speaking knowledge of Spanish of a sort is far more generalized in Mexico than is a similar knowledge of either Spanish or English in the Philippines. Eighty-four per cent of the Mexicans were rated as illiterate in 1895 as against eighty per cent of the Filipinos so rated in 1903, but the body of really well-educated men is far larger in the former country than in the latter, and in Mexico it is not necessary to deal with hopelessly backward Negritos, fanatical Mohammedans, or savage head-hunters.

In the early days of the war the Filipinos circulated shocking false reports of barbarities alleged to have been committed by our soldiers. Similar falsehoods relative to the conduct of our forces at Vera Cruz were promptly and widely disseminated in Mexico.

The cruelty of some Filipinos and the delusions of others led to the perpetration by them of horrible barbarities on prisoners of war. Mexican leaders who ruthlessly shoot down their captured countrymen could hardly be expected to pursue a different course in dealing with captured Americans. Such acts tend to provoke retaliation, but most of our army officers are sufficiently familiar with the unsatisfactory results which followed the exceptional instances of cruel treatment of Filipinos not to adopt a policy which would in the end win for them the respect and regard of those who at first expected to suffer grievously at their hands.

Harried, robbed, and murdered by the military element among their own people, the great mass of the Filipinos ultimately sought the protection and help of Americans. Wholesale death sentences were pronounced on those who did so by the military leaders, and large numbers of them were actually murdered. In many cases death was the least of the evils which they suffered, and came as a merciful relief. Ultimately not a few of the abler survivors took the field against their persecutors. Would not similar causes lead to similar results in Mexico?

In order to protect Filipinos who trusted us and to combat guerrillas, we established more than five hundred garrisons, and finally, in some regions, resorted to reconcentration—not the cruel reconcentration of Weyler in Cuba, with its attendant horrors, but the

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beneficent reconcentration of Bell in Batangas, which assembled the friendly where we could effectively protect them and could maintain conditions such that many of them later did not wish to return to their homes.

We learned to do these things well, and have not forgotten how, should we have to do them again in Mexico.

The possession of a gun often makes a bandit of a previously peaceful Filipino farmer. There was no real tranquillity in the islands until we got firearms out of the hands of the irresponsible, and we have since taken good care to keep them out.

Those of us who realize the uses to which people like the Mexicans put firearms view with amazement and consternation the extraordinary action of our Government in allowing, and even facilitating, the bringing of arms and ammunition into their country. We shall be fortunate indeed if many of our own people are not ultimately killed as a result of this amazing policy, which will, in any event, lead to needless, profitless, and avoidable slaughter of Mexicans. The best way to cause the several factions to stop fighting is to keep them from getting ammunition to fight with.

We have found it practicable to use Christian Filipinos, Mohammedan Moros, and head-hunting Igorots and Ifugaos for the performance of police work and the establishment and maintenance of order within their respective territories. The same policy could profitably be followed in Mexico, where men who were well armed, well disciplined, well fed, well clothed, and well led could be expected to develop into good soldiers.

From the outset it would be necessary to clean up all Mexican towns which our troops might occupy for any length of time. Indeed, the sanitary regeneration of Vera Cruz is already in progress. The results which have followed the application of modern sanitary methods in the Philippines, the Canal Zone, and Cuba have already gone far toward banishing the terrors of the tropical climate bugaboo, and similar results would follow the application of these methods in the lowlands of Mexico. Even in the highlands an enormous field would open before the sanitarian, the physician, and the surgeon after the preliminary health work imperatively necessary to the protection of our armed forces had been completed.

In spite of its healthful site, the annual death rate of Mexico City runs between forty-six and fifty-six to the thousand, while at Manila, situated practically at sea-level, it was 23.32 for 1913, as compared with 54.04 for 1902, and among members of the Philippine Government service as a whole it has been reduced to 3.09 to the thousand.

The problems presented by high infant mortality, by epidemics of dangerous communicable disease, and by preventable deaths due to lack of medical or surgical assistance are very similar in the two countries, and could be met successfully. Experienced men trained in the Philippine service are available for this work.

The occupation and garrisoning of numerous towns would necessarily soon be followed by the inauguration of municipal governments under military control. Hundreds of our army officers have learned in the hard school of Philippine experience just how to perform such work.

As tranquillity was established throughout large areas the formation of provincial governments would follow. Not the easiest of the resulting questions would be just when military government, with its necessarily arbitrary procedure, should be replaced in such regions by civil control. This difficult and complicated problem would require for its successful solution a high degree of intelligence, self-restraint, and generous patriotism on the part of all concerned. We solved it successfully in the Philippines and could solve it far more easily in Mexico in the light of the practical experience thus gained.

Ultimately the central government would be transferred to civil control. Its officials would find themselves confronted by many problems of far-reaching importance, which have been solved or are in progress of successful solution in our most distant island possession.

The first essential would be to improve sanitary conditions so as to give children and youth a reasonable chance of growing up. The second would be to educate them, for until education is made general real self-government in Mexico is a manifest impossibility. We are succeeding admirably in educating the Filipinos, and large numbers of our teachers who have participated in this work have become experienced in meeting conditions similar to those which would be encountered. It is to be hoped that in Mexico, as in the Philippines, great stress would be laid on industrial education.

Good means of transportation facilitate the

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successful exercise of governmental authority. We found only a hundred and twenty-two miles of railway in the Philippines, and even now there are less than seven hundred miles. Mexico, with more than fourteen thousand miles, is therefore proportionately much better off; but there, as in the Philippines at the time of the American occupation, other means of land communication, except pack-trails and excessively bad roads, are largely lacking. The construction of some forty-five hundred miles of excellent roads in the Philippines has not only facilitated the maintenance of public order, but has greatly stimulated agricultural production by bringing hundreds of thousands of small farmers, previously isolated, within reach of the world's markets. Similar important results would doubtless follow extensive road construction in Mexico.

Manufacturing is in its infancy in both countries. The development of household industries is becoming an important matter in the Philippines, and would doubtless prove so in Mexico.

In the latter country we should encounter at the outset a group of very serious problems growing out of the monopolization of a large part of the agricultural land by the rich, and the consequent reduction of the working classes to a state of peonage. A somewhat similar, though much less complicated, problem was presented in the Philippines by the Friars' Estates, on which there were numerous tenants bitterly hostile to their landlords and unwilling to pay rent. Peonage was, and unfortunately still is, fairly common in the islands, although now forbidden and penalized by law.

The Philippine Government purchased the Friars' Estates and offered to tenants the opportunity to buy their holdings at the actual cost of their land; but the total area of these estates was insignificant compared with that of the rich vacant public lands which all Filipinos were at liberty to occupy and cultivate, and trouble arose, not because it was difficult to obtain land, but because the Filipinos have a strong sentimental attachment to the homes in which they and their ancestors have lived, and the thought of possible dispossession constantly disturbed the tenants of the Friars. The truth is that large estates in which modern agricultural machinery and methods can be employed are sadly needed in the Philippines because of their practical educational value.

In Mexico, on the contrary, a very large part of the more valuable arable land is owned by an extremely limited number of wealthy families, and for this and other reasons peons find it difficult to become landowners. The successful solution of the problem of settling them on land would be of fundamental importance in the re-establishment of a good state of public order. Some relief might be afforded by teaching them how to preserve their health in the naturally rich lowlands where more unoccupied land is available, and it is certainly feasible to do this, for veritable pest-holes in the Philippine lowlands have been made sanitary and healthful. Doubtless some of the large estates would have to be divided, but the procedure to be followed in dealing with peonage should be determined only after the most careful investigation of the willingness and ability of peons to retain ownership of land and to support themselves on it; and in providing them with it due regard should be had for the property rights of existing owners. The violent despoliation of the rich which is now going on can hardly lead to satisfactory permanent results.

The establishment of good government in Mexico would involve the appointment of numerous American officers and employees, with assurance of their retention in office during good behavior and the competent discharge of their duties. A similar situation in the Philippines was met by the enactment of a strict civil service law, the provisions of which were faithfully observed until a few months ago. From the outset there would be clamor from the Mexicans on the one hand, and from Americans who believe them now capable of running their own government on the other, for the removal from office of Americans because they were Americans, and the appointment of Mexicans because they were Mexicans.

The folly of yielding to pressure of this sort is at present being abundantly demonstrated in the Philippines. Unless we have something of value to teach the Mexicans we should refrain from intervening in their domestic affairs. Otherwise, we should make our lesson thorough. The statement of the President that

> the function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people. . . . Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of

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conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out,

is the dictum of common sense. It applies with equal force to the existing Philippine situation.

In justice to the people whom we attempt to serve, as well as to our own citizens, merit should be made the sole basis of appointments and promotions, and incompetence or misconduct the only cause for removal. Democrats are now likely to learn the wisdom of following such a course in dealing with a former Spanish colony, and Republicans might be expected to adopt in Mexico the policy followed by McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft in the Philippines.

We may well pray to be spared the task of establishing good government in another country, but if it falls to our lot in this instance we should perform it in such fashion as effectively to restore our National prestige, which dilatory measures and amiable tolerance of the criminal aggression of bandits and murderers against our citizens and others have seriously impaired.

If we carry our flag into Mexico, let us make it stand there, as it stands in the Philippines to-day, for mercy to our enemies, protection to the weak and defenseless, and liberty, justice, and enlightenment for all.

In contemplating the possible results of intervention, we may well say with the President, "It will be a great thing not only to have helped humanity by restoring order but to have gone further than that by laying the secure foundations for that liberty without which there can be no happiness."

SOCIALISM IN MILWAUKEE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

AT the spring election in 1910 the city of Milwaukee elected a Socialist administration. The Mayor was Emil Seidel, a German pattern-maker, a very honest man, and as brimful of Socialism as ever he could hold. The Socialists commanded a majority in the City Council, and the election was heralded everywhere as a great triumph for Socialism.

They gave Milwaukee about the best administration it ever had. Nevertheless, at the next election, in 1912, they were defeated by a coalition of the discredited old-line parties, and Dr. G. A. Bading was elected Mayor, with but one or two Socialist hold-overs. His administration was in most respects far less satisfactory than Seidel's; and yet at the next election, April 7, 1914, he was re-elected easily over Seidel—who had run against him and been defeated also in 1912—and the last of the Socialist vestiges were swept out.

This is a very interesting phenomenon and demands explanation. If the Seidel administration had been a conspicuous scandal or a conspicuous failure, the change in public sentiment would explain itself. But it was neither. Its integrity was beyond cavil, and even those who voted against it freely say that it was better in most respects than the administration they supported for re-election. On the face of her history, Milwaukee seems to show a deliberate preference for the worse after having had a competent taste of the better.

And this, naturally, is how the party Socialists account for the change. They put it down to the malignancy and venality of the brute mass of us who sit in darkness and prefer darkness to light. But this will hardly answer. People, after all, know their fellowmen rather well—too well, at least, to assent to a hasty and cynical generalization like this. Malignancy and venality in the mass come down to malignancy and venality in Smith and Brown, our neighbors, who, as we know, are not malignant and not especially venal. Smith and Brown are commonplace persons who do not like to think when they can help it, and therefore seldom act on a logical motive of any kind. They are swayed largely by their feelings, and do not often ask themselves, or care greatly about, the strict logic of what they do. And as they act, so they vote. Smith and Brown vote out of a marvelous mixture of motive, consisting of information, misinformation, tradition, buncombe, habit, indolence, preoccupation, and prejudice—all in varying proportions, and the whole delectable hodgepodge occasionally salted with a

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small dose of thought. The saving thing about all this is that it is mostly instinctive, and human instincts are generally right. But this is what the Socialists do not take into account, and hence their diagnosis of Milwaukee dissatisfies those who know perhaps less about Socialism than they should, but who know a great deal about the human nature of Smith and Brown.

So we must look further; and first we note that the estimate put by the Socialists on the election of Seidel in 1910 is not warranted by the facts. The Socialists acclaimed it as a vindication and a triumph for Socialism. Really, it was nothing of the kind. Of the 27,000 votes that elected Seidel, it is barely possible by counting every goose a swan that 15,000 were Socialists and "sympathizers"—persons, that is, who had some kind of remote and indefinite interest in Socialism. This number stands far in excess of my own belief about the situation. I should say 12,000 was a very handsome concession, and when a Socialist newspaper man put the figure for me at 10,000 I thought he was very near the mark.

The rest of Seidel's vote was made up of people who care no more for Socialism than they do for prohibition. What they wanted was good government. They were sick and tired of old-style Republican-Democrat ring rule. A non-partisan or independent candidacy was impossible, for at that time the Wisconsin law required a party designation on the ballot. The only party available besides the discredited Republicans and Democrats was the Socialist party; and the independent or disaffected vote swung to Seidel because it had nowhere else to swing. Seidel's election was, in a sense, a triumph for the local Socialists because he headed their ticket; but only as the election of Mr. Mitchel might be called a triumph for the impressive curiosity known as the Fusion movement in New York. A flare-up of intense dissatisfaction plus an absurd State law (since then fortunately abolished) gave Seidel votes enough to win. But his election was no more an indorsement of Socialism by the people of Milwaukee than it was an indorsement of prohibition.

Nevertheless, it was so claimed by party Socialists in Milwaukee, so heralded by party Socialists elsewhere, and so accepted by those who did not happen to know better. Seidel's returns were labeled "Socialist" in the press reports, notwithstanding his ticket bore the official designation of "Social-Democrat" instead of "Socialist"—which of itself would set one thinking. The Socialists were by no means over-modest in their claims about what had fallen their way.

Considering the expectations of the large disaffected vote that elected them, this was a mistake. It was bad taste, if nothing worse. The circumstances of Seidel's election suggested that they should ease off greatly on partisanship, drop their class-conscious patter about capitalism and "the voice of labor," and the like, and not use public office for propaganda purposes. There was plenty of chance for them to show their faith by their works if they wanted to make friends for Socialism. No other way is so effective. If they had corked down their rhetorical and doctrinaire tendencies and stood pat on a record of sterling honesty plus moderate enterprise and reasonable achievement, they could have gone on holding office practically without effort as long as they liked.

Mayor Seidel saw this. It is to his lasting credit that, notwithstanding his devotion to Socialism, he appears to have realized that he was elected to do a job and not to spread the light. In his public utterances he talked more about good government than he did about Socialism. His few pages in the municipal campaign book are a refreshing oasis of good sense in a wilderness of claptrap. Moreover, he began his administration under a definite non-partisan policy. He made excellent appointments, getting the best men available, whether within or without the State. But neither in his soft-pedal policy of speech nor in his non-sectarian policy of action could he carry with him the rank and file of his party. The Socialists talked and talked; they raised a demand for spoils; they insisted on the indorsement of men and measures by the party caucus; and Seidel could not hold out against them. Unquestionably, no man could. In the matter of appointments, too, he was embarrassed by finding that the men he wanted would not come—he could not make them an offer that was attractive enough. So incompetent men began to be appointed; and, because they were incompetent, the number of city employees increased, thus giving rise to the wholly unjust suspicion that the Socialists were padding the pay-roll.

The practical shortcomings of the administration date from this point, and they amount relatively to very little. Seidel's programme

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was altogether too ambitious, and he did not realize the value of saying as little as possible about what he proposed to do. His prospectus embraced nearly everything under the sun, from municipal ownership of public utilities to furnishing free water to washerwomen. Merely glancing through the campaign handbook makes one's head swim. Artemus Ward's happy saying that on a certain occasion he tried to do too much and did it, exactly fits the programme of Milwaukee activities. Seidel worked heroically and hard, and made some achievements; but he was busy with too many things at once to make a permanent success of any, or even to lay a permanent foundation for any.

But Milwaukee is quite well blessed with a sense of humor, and would not mind this much. Convinced of the administration's absolute integrity, the people were not too exacting in striking a balance between promise and delivery. Suppose the much-needed public markets were not built—the city's ramshackle bookkeeping system was put in shape. Suppose the new and cheaper street construction was a fizzle—assessments were readjusted on as fair a basis as possible under Wisconsin's iniquitous tax laws. Suppose the Housing Commission had done nothing—the City Attorney's office was fighting the people's legal battles in excellent style. Suppose the tax rate had not gone down—it had at least not gone up, and every one was comfortable in knowing that the city's money was spent with scrupulous honesty, and to better purpose, generally speaking, than it had ever been before.

No, Milwaukee could be counted on to be lenient with inexperience and ready to discount the Socialists' self-imposed expectations fully seventy-five per cent. If you go about Milwaukee asking questions, you will hear few complaints. There is some criticism of things done and left undone, but it is all good-tempered and none of it put up in the light of a real grievance. Ask what defeated the Socialists in 1912 and again in 1914, and ten to one your informant will merely shrug his shoulders. He cannot tell you. It is something that the average man seldom tries to put into words. It is a *feeling*. The sentiments of human nature work obscurely and express themselves blindly; and the Socialists were defeated for re-election by a general feeling of sheer personal resentment for which they alone were responsible.

"They talked themselves out of office," sententiously said a University of Wisconsin man to me; "it was hot air that put those people out of business." That pretty well expresses it. The people of Milwaukee liked Seidel, believed in him, believed in his associates. They forgave their failures and were well enough satisfied with their achievements. But the *spirit* of the Socialists, their fanatical class consciousness, their sectarianism, their fierce and bitter impossiblism—this it was that made them utterly intolerable.

And why not? Seidel and his associates had been in office seven months when Victor L. Berger ran for Congress from the Milwaukee district and was elected. It is not clear whether he really expected all the people who had voted for Seidel out of an *impasse* of discontent to vote for him; but, if he did, or if the Socialist party did, the expectation was unreasonable and childish. A vote for Seidel in April on the acute local issue of good government did not logically imply a vote for Berger in November on the indifferent National issue of Socialism. But some notion of the kind must have beset the Socialists, for when Berger's vote fell below Seidel's they showed disappointment and acrimony. This might be understandable if Berger had been defeated, but he was elected. In his own signed statement published in the "Social-Democratic Herald" for November 12, 1910, Mr. Berger says:

> Our vote went backward if compared with last spring; however, it did not go much backward as compared with the total vote cast.
>
> The fact is, nevertheless, that we have lost all the so-called sympathizers and protesters—also all the goody-goodies and church-club men. . . . It was a class victory—a victory of the working class.

Then, after a couple of paragraphs relating to other reasons for the smaller vote cast for him, he adds:

> We have good reason now to be thankful for these happenings.

Ex pede Herculem!—there you have it. The spirit which pervades that piece of writing is the same which constantly animated the utterances and shaped the attitude of the Milwaukee Socialists. You see just what it is—hard, dogged, truculent, unintelligent, and, above all, sectarian. This one specimen is worth more than a whole volume of commentary in exhibiting the reason for Seidel's defeat.

For what sort of reaction would this set up

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in a mind not already prepossessed by Socialism? How would you like it? The sympathizers and protesters, goody-goodies and church-club men, were the ones who elected Seidel in 1910, the ones who liked him, believed in him, stood by him, and were ready to elect him again and yet again. All they asked in return, besides fairly good government, was a decent sense of fellow-citizenship. And this kind of thing is what they got.

Partisanship, class consciousness, sectarianism! One surveys the record of Socialism in Milwaukee and asks one's self whether there was ever anything on earth like it. The Socialists are on record as opposing every important democratic measure, except home rule for cities, that their independent local supporters were interested in. They opposed the movement for a non-partisan majority-vote election law, coalescing with Tory Republican and Democratic bosses of the Barnes-Penrose-Murphy type. Could anything be more short-sighted, considering how far the day of all that sort of thing is past? They opposed legislative efforts for majority rule in the election of judges, a reform greatly needed in Wisconsin, since judges, and school directors as well, had sometimes been elected by as little as one-fifth of the total vote. They opposed the short ballot and the small Council. The City Club drafted an excellent bill, quite in line of modern municipal reform, providing that the City Council should be reduced one-half; that the City Attorney's, Comptroller's, and Treasurer's offices should be appointive; that administrative positions should be filled on test of fitness; and that power of confirmation should be vested in a non-political civil service board instead of in the City Council. The Socialists opposed it. They opposed measures to concentrate power and responsibility in the hands of the Mayor. They opposed the wiping out of the ward system. They opposed modern charter reform.

I asked Mr. Berger why the Socialists opposed these experiments in the simplification of government, which to most of us seem moderate and reasonable. He replied, with some vehemence, "But will all those things put one more sandwich in the dinner-pail of the workingman?" What could one say? I went away feeling that I had once more encountered the reason why, as long as human nature remains what it is, a Socialist administration is bound to be at most a one-term affair.

The Socialists had a magnificent opportunity in Milwaukee, and simply frittered it away. They had great virtues—and every one gives them full credit. They gave a good administration—and every one appreciates it. They were honest and enterprising—and every one admires them for it. Their failure was a failure in imagination, in humor, in an instinctive knowledge of men. They chose the time when party ties are everywhere notably weakening as the time to insist on a stringent partisanship. They chose the time when men are more than ever set on obliterating distinctions of class and sect as the time to preach the gospel of class, promulgate the spirit of a sect, and pronounce in season and out of season the anathemas of a sect. Their impossiblist loyalties repelled, bewildered, and offended their friends, and their continuous assumption of a virtual monopoly of righteousness and wisdom finally alienated them in disgust. In the old days people got tired of hearing even Aristides called "the Just." If they had heard him habitually call himself "the Just," he would not have lasted in office nearly as long as he did; and the difference between essential human nature in ancient Athens and modern Milwaukee is not spacious.

How far this lesson was lost on the Socialists of Milwaukee is not clear. It seemed to make no impression upon those I met and talked with. Most of them frankly acknowledged the impeachment of sectarianism and impossiblism, and rather gloried in it. One of them, for instance, told me that he was well aware that the Socialists were impossible to work with; that this was quite as it should be, and, for his part, he would rather have defeat than any victory which was not a straight class victory. And another said, "We have been persecuted for ages and generations; now we intend to conquer, and then we will persecute."

So it is extremely doubtful whether the Socialists will get another chance in Milwaukee. Other defects can be somehow patched up and other deficiencies somehow supplied, but deficiency in imagination and humor makes a case for which there is no help. And so it comes about that people instinctively turn towards a man whose sins are human—the prodigal son, for instance, makes a far better figure in the narrative than his Puritan and impossiblist elder brother. So too with administrations—witness Tammany's as compared, for example, with Mr. Low's. Probably,

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therefore, the Socialists' opportunity in Milwaukee will not recur, and the honesty, integrity, very considerable ability, and excellent achievements of the Seidel administration will remain permanently condemned and canceled by sheer organized caprice.

MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS

BY ANDRÉ TRIDON

I MUST preface these impressionistic notes with the remark that before visiting Mexico I felt an ardent sympathy for the Indian and his "heroic efforts to free himself."

"We can't tell you how sorry we are, sir; we would enjoy working for you, but, you see, the looting will begin in an hour or two, and then we will no longer need to work." This from a group of *cargadors* (public porters) to a merchant on April 24, when the American army was marching on Puebla (according to the mendacious press of the capital), and Zapata was on the outskirts of Mexico City (according to the slum's rumormongers).

"When will the looting begin?" hundreds of Indians asked anxiously when Villa entered Torreon. They had come from the hills with mules and baskets. "I have wasted two days and walked fifty kilometers," an old savage kept repeating, "and then no loot."

After shedding tears for several days, an Indian maid finally confided to her employer the cause of her distress: "I am worrying over your children, Señora; I hear that when Madero returns all the masters will be made to serve the peons, and those children haven't been brought up to work; and then, you can't cook." (Most Indians call themselves Maderists, and not a few "know" that Madero will return some day.)

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked Indians when Zapata and Villa were reported to be on their way to the capital.

"Oh, no; they will only kill all the Chinese and the Gachupins (Spaniards)."

"What do you think will happen after the revolution wins?"

"Oh, we will kill the Chinese and Gachupins."

"I hear the gringoes have taken Puebla," another remarked, "and they have killed all the Chinese and Gachupins."

When the press of Mexico City announced that the Spanish war-ship Carlos V had been sunk by American guns, the Indians felt quite cheered; the gringoes were fulfilling their dearest wish—killing the Gachupins.

One of Villa's titles to popularity among Indians is the fact that he exiles all the Spaniards from the territories under his sway.

Not so long ago the Torreon natives massacred with a horrible display of cruelty some three hundred harmless Chinamen.

During the week of April 20-27 riots of Government employees, managed and sometimes led by Cabinet Ministers, tried to disturb the peace of Mexico City and to whip up a wave of anti-American feeling. Thousands of Indians were corralled by press-gangs and sent to the front to fight the gringoes. Then Huerta coolly admitted that there was no war. And even in the capital, where there is less illiteracy than in the rest of the country, and where labor organizations have begun to leaven the stolid Indian masses, not a word of protest was heard.

No wonder Huerta never manifests nervousness and mixes freely with the populace. He knows too well the men of his hue. I say hue, not race. A race might rise; but what of nineteen Indian races speaking more than one hundred dialects? The Tampico Indian would cheerfully disembowel the Mazatlan Indian; Yaquis and Mayas have never made their peace with the Indios Mansos (the tame Indians).

And then 11,000,000 Indians can neither read nor write; some 2,000,000 do not even speak Spanish. Their land hunger is a pretty conceit. "We wouldn't draw a salary or get money for weddings or funerals if we weren't peons," is a familiar remark. And Villa, knowing their nomadic propensities, gives them land with the understanding that for ten years they shall not sell it.

If the present civil war was what the gulli-

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ble imagine it to be, what could the few thousand men at Huerta's disposal do against an uprising of the peons? The peon is coolly waiting for the fight to end, and then will welcome the victor, whoever he may be. It is not the land-hungry, it is the adventure-hungry, who are fighting. I didn't say fighting the Government; they are just fighting.

When an army is followed by thousands of women and children, to whom falls the task of feeding that army (the Mexican Government does not bother with a commissary), what profession will, later in life, appeal most to children taught to steal under the flag and for the good of the country? Looting and foraging are synonymous in Mexico. Why not be a brigand? There are mountains in which to seek shelter when hard pressed; few railway lines; hardly any police. If you are successful, you may, like Pascual Orozco, earn fame and money by selling out, revolting again, and selling out once more.

There are among the rebels some men who are really and truly fighting for their lands; *haciendados* who, protected by private arrangements with tax collectors, have sworn year after year to lying statements as to their *haciendas'* acreage, value, or yield, paid one-tenth of the taxes they ought to pay, and mortgaged their holdings for twice their value. It is infinitely cheaper for them to purchase rifles and to arm their peons than to renew their notes; in these troubled days foreclosure of a mortgage means very little if you are armed.

Carranza knows of those "rebel chiefs;" he knows what counter-revolution they would start if the aftermath of his victory was a redistribution of lands. On what basis could he secure their lands? By force? They, too, would have something to say. Paying them the full value of their property according to fiscal statistics? This wouldn't satisfy them; and, if it did, the banks holding their notes would either oppose this spoliatory measure or go to the wall. When we know that in one year the Banco Central lost 20,000,000 pesos owing to the "rebellious" attitude of great *haciendados*, we can well imagine what kind of peace Carranza's victory would bring to the land should he insist on carrying out his original plans—about which, by the way, he seems to have preserved a diplomatic silence.

THE SEARCHINGS OF JONATHAN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

"WHAT I find it hard to understand is, why a person who can see a spray of fringed gentian in the middle of a meadow can't see a book on the sitting-room table."

"The reason why I can see the gentian," said Jonathan, "is because the gentian is there."

"So is the book," I responded.

"Which table?" he asked.

"The one with the lamp on it. It's a red book, about *so* big."

"It isn't there; but, just to satisfy you, I'll look again."

He returned in a moment with an argumentative expression of countenance. "It isn't there," he said, firmly. "Will anything else do instead?"

"No, I wanted you to read that special thing. Oh, dear! And I have all these things in my lap! And I know it *is* there."

"And I *know* it isn't." He stretched himself out in the hammock and watched me as I rather ostentatiously laid down thimble, scissors, needle, cotton, and material and set out for the sitting-room table. There were a number of books on it, to be sure. I glanced rapidly through the piles, fingered the lower books, pushed aside a magazine, and pulled out from beneath it the book I wanted. I returned to the hammock and handed it over. Then, after possessing myself again, rather ostentatiously, of material, cotton, needle, scissors, and thimble, I sat down.

"It's the second essay I specially thought we'd like," I said.

"Just for curiosity," said Jonathan, with an impersonal air, "where did you find it?"

"Find what?" I asked, innocently.

"The book."

"Oh! On the table."

"Which table?"

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"The one with the lamp on it."

"I should like to know where."

"Why—just there—on the table. There was an 'Atlantic' on top of it, to be sure."

"I saw the 'Atlantic.' Blest if it looked as though it had anything under it! Besides, I was looking for it on top of things. You said you laid it down there just before luncheon, and I didn't think it could have crawled in under so quick."

"When you're looking for a thing," I said, "you mustn't think, you must look. Now go ahead and read."

If this were a single instance, or even if it were one of many illustrating a common human frailty, it would hardly be worth setting down. But the frailty under consideration has come to seem to me rather particularly masculine. Are not all the Jonathans in the world continually being sent to some sitting-room table for something, and coming back to assert, with more or less pleasantness, according to their temperament, that it is not there? The incident, then, is not isolated; it is typical of a vast group. For Jonathan, read Everyman; for the red book, read any particular thing that you want Him to bring; for the sitting-room table, read the place where you know it is and Everyman says it isn't.

This, at least, is my thesis. It is not, however, unchallenged. Jonathan has challenged it when, from time to time, as occasion offered, I have lightly sketched it out for him. Sometimes he argues that my instances are really isolated cases and that their evidence is not cumulative, at others he takes refuge in a *tu quoque*—in itself a confession of weakness—and alludes darkly to "top shelves" and "bottom drawers." But let us have no mysteries. These phrases, considered as arguments, have their origin in certain incidents which, that all the evidence may be in, I will here set down.

Once upon a time I asked Jonathan to get me something from the top shelf in the closet. He went, and failed to find it. Then I went, and took it down. Jonathan, watching over my shoulder, said, "But that wasn't the top shelf, I suppose you will admit."

Sure enough! There was a shelf above. "Oh, yes; but I don't count that shelf. We never use it, because nobody can reach it."

"How do you expect me to know which shelves you count and which you don't?"

"Of course, anatomically—structurally—it is one, but functionally it isn't there at all."

"I see," said Jonathan, so contentedly that I knew he was filing this affair away for future use.

On another occasion I asked him to get something for me from the top drawer of the old "high-boy" in the dining-room. He was gone a long while, and at last, growing impatient, I followed. I found him standing on an old wooden-seated chair, screw-driver in hand. A drawer on a level with his head was open, and he had hanging over his arm a gaudy collection of ancient table-covers and embroidered scarfs, mostly in shades of magenta.

"She stuck, but I've got her open now. I don't see any pillow-cases, though. It's all full of these things." He pumped his laden arm up and down, and the table-covers wagged gayly. I sank into the chair and laughed. "Oh! Have you been prying at that all this time? Of *course* there's nothing in *that* drawer."

"There's where you're wrong. There's a great deal in it; I haven't taken out half. If you want to see—"

"I *don't* want to see! There's nothing I want less! What I mean is—I never put anything there."

"It's the top drawer." He was beginning to lay back the table-covers.

"But I can't reach it. And it's been stuck for ever so long."

"You said the top drawer."

"Yes, I suppose I did. Of course what I meant was the top one of the ones I use."

"I see, my dear. When you say top shelf you don't mean top shelf, and when you say top drawer you don't mean top drawer; in fact, when you say top you don't mean top at all—you mean the height of your head. Everything above that doesn't count."

Jonathan was so pleased with this formulation of my attitude that he was not in the least irritated to have put out unnecessary work. And his satisfaction was deepened by one more incident. I had sent him to the bottom drawer of my bureau to get a shawl. He returned without it, and I was puzzled. "Now, Jonathan, it's there, and it's the top thing."

"The real top," murmured Jonathan, "or just what you call top?"

"It's right in front," I went on; "and I don't see how even a man could fail to find it."

He proceeded to enumerate the contents of the drawer in such strange fashion that I began to wonder where he had been.

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"I said my bureau."

"I went to your bureau."

"The bottom drawer."

"The bottom drawer. There was nothing but a lot of little boxes and—"

"Oh, *I* know what you did! You went to the secret drawer."

"Isn't that the bottom one?"

"Why, yes, in a way—of course it is; but it doesn't exactly count—it's not one of the regular drawers—it hasn't any knobs, or anything—"

"But it's a perfectly good drawer."

"Yes. But nobody is supposed to know it's there; it looks like a molding—"

"But I know it's there."

"Yes, of course."

"And you know I know it's there."

"Yes, yes; but I just don't think about that one in counting up. I see what you mean, of course."

"And I see what you mean. You mean that your shawl is in the bottom one of the regular drawers—with knobs—that can be alluded to in general conversation. Now I think I can find it."

He did. And in addition he amused himself by working out phrases about "when is a bottom drawer not a bottom drawer?" and "when is a top shelf not a top shelf?"

It is to these incidents—which I regard as isolated and negligible, and he regards as typical and significant—that he alludes on the occasions when he is unable to find a red book on the sitting-room table. In vain do I point out that when language is variable and fluid it is alive, and that there may be two opinions about the structural top and the functional top, whereas there can be but one as to the book being or not being on the table. He maintains a quiet cheerfulness, as of one who is conscious of being, if not invulnerable, at least well armed.

For a time he even tried to make believe that he was invulnerable as well—to set up the thesis that if the book was really on the table he could find it. But in this he suffered so many reverses that only strong natural pertinacity kept him from capitulation.

Is it necessary to recount instances? Every family can furnish them. As I allow myself to float off into a reminiscent dream I find my mind possessed by a continuous series of dissolving views in which Jonathan is always coming to me saying, "It isn't there," and I am always saying, "Please look again."

Though everything in the house seems to be in a conspiracy against him, it is perhaps with the fishing-tackle that he has most constant difficulties.

"My dear, have you any idea where my rod is? No, don't get up—I'll look if you'll just tell me where—"

"Probably in the corner behind the chest in the orchard room."

"I've looked there."

"Well, then, did you take it in from the wagon last night?"

"Yes, I remember doing it."

"What about the little attic? You might have put it up there to dry out."

"No. I took my wading boots up, but that was all."

"The dining-room? You came in that way."

He goes and returns. "Not there." I reflect deeply.

"Jonathan, are you *sure* it's not in that corner of the orchard room?"

"Yes, I'm sure; but I'll look again." He disappears, but in a moment I hear his voice calling, "No! Yours is here, but not mine."

I perceive that it is a case for me, and I get up. "You go and harness. I'll find it," I call.

There was a time when, under such conditions, I should have begun by hunting in all the unlikely places I could think of. Now I know better. I go straight to the corner of the orchard room. Then I call to Jonathan, just to relieve his mind.

"All right! I've found it."

"Where?"

"Here, in the orchard room."

"*Where* in the orchard room?"

"In the corner."

"What corner?"

"The usual corner—back of the chest."

"The devil!" Then he comes back to put his head in at the door. "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. What are you talking about the devil for? Anyway, it isn't the devil; it's the brownie."

For there seems no doubt that the things he hunts for are possessed of supernatural powers; and the theory of a brownie in the house, with a special grudge against Jonathan, would perhaps best account for the way in which they elude his search but leap into sight at my approach. There is, to be sure, one other explanation, but it is one that does not suggest itself to him, or appeal to him

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when suggested by me, so there is no need to dwell upon it.

If it isn't the rod, it is the landing-net, which has hung itself on a nail a little to the left or right of the one he had expected to see it on; or his reel, which has crept into a corner of the tackle drawer and held a ball of string in front of itself to distract his vision; or a bunch of snell hooks, which, aware of its protective coloring, has snuggled up against the shady side of the drawer and tucked its pink-papered head underneath a gay pickerel-spoon.

Fishing-tackle is, clearly, "possessed," but in other fields Jonathan is not free from trouble. Finding anything on a bureau seems to offer peculiar obstacles. It is perhaps a big, black-headed pin that I want. "On the pin-cushion, Jonathan."

He goes, and returns with two sizes of safety-pins and one long hat-pin.

"No, dear, those won't do. A small, black-headed one—at least small compared with a hat-pin, large compared with an ordinary pin."

"Common or house pin?" he murmurs, quoting a friend's phrase.

"Do look again! I hate to drop this to go myself."

"When a man does a job, he gets his tools together first."

"Yes; but they say women shouldn't copy men, they should develop along their own lines. Please go."

He goes, and comes back. "You don't want fancy gold pins, I suppose?"

"No, no! Here, you hold this, and I'll go." I dash to the bureau. Sure enough, he is right about the cushion. I glance hastily about. There, in a little saucer, are a half-dozen of the sort I want. I snatch some and run back.

"Well, it wasn't in the cushion, I bet."

"No," I admit; "it was in a saucer just behind the cushion."

"You said cushion."

"I know. It's all right."

"Now, if you had said simply 'bureau,' I'd have looked in other places on it."

"Yes, you'd have *looked* in other places!" I could not forbear responding. There is, I grant, another side to this question. One evening when I went upstairs I found a partial presentation of it, in the form of a little newspaper clipping, pinned on my cushion. It read as follows:

"My dear," said she, "please run and bring me the needle from the haystack."

"Oh, I don't know which haystack."

"Look in all the haystacks—you can't miss it; there's only one needle."

Jonathan was in the cellar at the moment. When he came up, he said, "Did I hear any one laughing?"

"I don't know. Did you?"

"I thought maybe it was you."

"It might have been. Something amused me—I forget what."

I accused Jonathan of having written it himself, but he denied it. Some other Jonathan, then. As I said, this is not a personal matter; it is a world matter. Let us grant, then, a certain allowance for those who hunt in woman-made haystacks. But what about pockets? Is not a man lord over his own pockets? And are they not nevertheless as so many haystacks piled high for his confusion? Certain it is that Jonathan has nearly as much trouble with his pockets as he does with the corners and cupboards and shelves and drawers of his house. It usually happens over our late supper, after his day in town. He sets down his teacup, struck with a sudden memory. He feels in his vest pockets—first the right, then the left. He proceeds to search himself, murmuring, "I thought something came to-day that I wanted to show you—oh, here! no, that isn't it. I thought I put it—no, those are to be—what's this? No, that's a memorandum. Now, where in—" He runs through the papers in his pockets twice over, and in the second round I watch him narrowly, and perhaps see a corner of an envelope that does not look like office work. "There, Jonathan! What's that? No, not that—that!"

He pulls it out with an air of immense relief. "There! I knew I had something. That's it."

When we travel, the same thing happens with the tickets, especially if they chance to be costly and complicated ones, with all the shifts and changes of our journey printed thick upon their faces. The conductor appears at the other end of the car. Jonathan begins vaguely to fumble without lowering his paper. Pocket after pocket is browsed through in this way. Then the paper slides to his knee and he begins a more thorough investigation, with all the characteristic clapping and diving motions that seem to be necessary. Some pockets must always be clapped and others dived into to discover their contents.

No tickets. The conductor is half-way up

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the car. Jonathan's face begins to grow serious. He rises and looks on the seat and under it. He sits down and takes out packet after packet of papers and goes over them with scrupulous care. At this point I used to become really anxious—to make hasty calculations as to our financial resources, immediate and ultimate—to wonder if conductors ever really put nice people like us off trains. But that was long ago. I know now that Jonathan has never lost a ticket in his life. So I glance through the paper that he has dropped or watch the landscape until he reaches a certain stage of calm and definite pessimism, when he says, "I must have pulled them out when I took out those post-cards in the other car. Yes, that's just what has happened." Then, the conductor being only a few seats away, I beg Jonathan to look once more in his vest pocket, where he always puts them. To oblige me he looks, though without faith, and lo! this time the tickets fairly fling themselves upon him, with smiles almost curling up their corners. Does the brownie travel with us, then?

I begin to suspect that some of the good men who have been blamed for forgetting to mail letters in their pockets have been, not indeed blameless, but at least misunderstood. Probably they do not forget. Probably they hunt for the letters and cannot find them, and so conclude that they have already mailed them.

In the matter of the home haystacks Jonathan's confidence in himself has at last been shaken. For a long time, when he returned to me after some futile search, he used to say, "Of course you can look for it if you like, but it is *not* there." But man is a reasoning, if not altogether a reasonable, being, and with a sufficient accumulation of evidence, especially when there is some one constantly at hand to interpret its teachings, almost any set of opinions, however fixed, may be shaken. So here.

Once when we shut up the farm for the winter I left my fountain pen behind. This was little short of a tragedy, but I comforted myself with the knowledge that Jonathan was going back that week-end for a day's hunt. "Be sure to get the pen first of all," I said, "and put it in your pocket."

"Where is it?" he asked.

"In the little medicine cupboard over the fireplace in the orchard room, standing up at the side of the first shelf."

"Why not on your desk?" he asked.

"Because I was writing tags in there, and set it up so it would be out of the way."

"And it *was* out of the way. All right. I'll collect it."

He went, and on his return I met him with eager hand—"My pen!"

"I'm sorry," he began.

"You didn't forget!" I exclaimed.

"No. But it wasn't there."

"But—did you look?"

"Yes, I looked."

"Thoroughly?"

"Yes. I lit three matches."

"Matches! Then you didn't get it when you first got there!"

"Why—no—I had the dog to attend to—and—but I had plenty of time when I got back, and it *wasn't* there."

"Well— Dear me! Did you look anywhere else? I suppose I may be mistaken. Perhaps I did take it back to the desk."

"That's just what I thought myself," said Jonathan. "So I went there, and looked, and then I looked on all the mantelpieces and your bureau. You must have put it in your bag the last minute—bet it's there now!"

"Bet it isn't."

It wasn't. For two weeks more I was driven to using other pens—strange and distracting to the fingers and the eyes and the mind. Then Jonathan was to go up again.

"Please look once more," I begged, "and don't expect not to see it. I can fairly see it myself, this minute, standing up there on the right-hand side, just behind the machine-oil can."

"Oh, I'll look," he promised. "If it's there, I'll find it."

He returned penless. I considered buying another. But we were planning to go up together the last week of the hunting season, and I thought I would wait on the chance.

We got off at the little station and hunted our way up, making great sweeps and jogs, as hunters must, to take in certain spots we thought promising—certain ravines and swamp edges where we are always sure of hearing the thunderous whir of partridge wings, or the soft, shrill whistle of woodcock. At noon we broiled chops and rested in the lee of the wood edge, where, even in the late fall, one can usually find spots that are warm and still. It was dusk by the time we came over the crest of the farm ledges and saw the huddle of the home buildings below us and

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quite dark when we reached the house. Fires had been made and coals smoldered on the hearth in the sitting-room. "You light the lamp," I said, "and I'll just take a match and go through to see if that pen *should* happen to be there."

"No use doing anything to-night," said Jonathan. "To-morrow morning you can have a thorough hunt."

But I took my match, felt my way into the next room, past the fireplace, up to the cupboard, then struck my match. In its first flare-up I glanced in. Then I chuckled.

Jonathan had gone out to the dining-room, but he has perfectly good ears.

"No!" he roared, and his tone of dismay, incredulity, rage, sent me off into gales of unscrupulous laughter. He was striding in, candle in hand, shouting, "It was *not there!*"

"Look yourself," I managed to gasp.

This time, somehow, he could see it.

"You planted it! You brought it up and planted it!"

"I never! Oh, dear me! It pays for going without it for weeks!"

"*Nothing* will ever make me believe that that pen was standing there when I looked for it!" said Jonathan, with vehement finality.

"All right," I sighed happily. "You don't have to believe it."

But in his heart perhaps he does believe it. At any rate, since that time he has adopted a new formula: "My dear, it may be there, of course, but I don't see it." And this position I regard as unassailable.

One triumph he has had. I wanted something that was stored away in the shut-up town house. "Do you suppose you could find it?" I said, as gently as possible.

"I can try," he said.

"I think it is in a box about this shape—see?—a gray box, in the attic closet, the farthest-in corner."

"Are you sure it's in the house? If it's in the house, I think I can find it."

"Yes, I'm sure of that."

When he returned that night, his face wore a look of satisfaction very imperfectly concealed beneath a mask of nonchalance.

"*Good* for you! Was it where I said?"

"No."

"Was it in a different corner?"

"No."

"Where was it?"

"It wasn't in a corner at all. It wasn't in that closet."

"It wasn't! Where, then?"

"Downstairs in the hall closet." He paused, then could not forbear adding, "And it wasn't in a gray box; it was in a big hat-box with violets all over it."

"Why, *Jonathan!* Aren't you grand! How did you ever find it? I couldn't have done better myself."

Under such praise he expanded. "The fact is," he said, confidentially, "I had given it up. And then suddenly I changed my mind. I said to myself, 'Jonathan, don't be a man! Think what she'd do if she were here now.' And then I got busy and found it."

"Jonathan!" I could almost have wept if I had not been laughing.

"Well," he said, proud, yet rather sheepish, "what is there so funny about that? I gave up half a day to it."

"Funny! It isn't funny—exactly. You don't mind my laughing a little? Why, you've lived down the fountain pen—we'll forget the pen—"

"Oh, no, you won't forget the pen either," he said, with a certain pleasant grimness.

"Well, perhaps not—of course it would be a pity to forget that. Suppose I say, then, that we'll always regard the pen in the light of the violet hat-box?"

"I think that might do." Then he had an alarming afterthought. "But, see here—you won't expect me to do things like that often?"

"Dear me, no! People can't live always on their highest levels. Perhaps you'll *never* do it again." Jonathan looked distinctly relieved. "I'll accept it as a unique effort—like Dante's angel and Raphael's sonnet."

"Jonathan," I said that evening, "what do you know about St. Anthony of Padua?"

"Not much."

"Well, you ought to. He helped you to-day. He's the saint who helps people to find lost articles. Every man ought to take him as a patron saint."

"And do you know which saint it is who helps people to find lost virtues—like humility, for instance?"

"No. I don't, really."

"I didn't suppose you did," said Jonathan.

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE

SINCE leaving London I have had opportunity to learn as much as most Americans may of the business situation in Germany, Belgium, and France. The penetration of European finance outside of London is exceedingly inaccessible to outsiders. The difference in language is an obstacle, but the traditional reserve of those whose opinions are worth having makes it very difficult to get reliable or definite information.

The statistics by which business may be gauged are also meager and poorly kept. In this respect America is much in advance of Europe, and even of England.

The figures of our imports and exports, our bank clearings, our bank deposits and reserves, and our railway earnings, being published weekly, enable us promptly to determine whether business is contracting or increasing. In Europe such data are not regularly published, are hard to obtain, and, when secured, will not be found sufficiently inclusive to afford a safe basis for generalization. In England, for instance, the great joint stock banks and private bankers who are custodians of the vast deposits of the Empire publish only the most meager statements at irregular intervals, and these statements when published omit to give the cash on hand, the reserve being described as "cash on hand and at the Bank of England."

On the Continent the same practice obtains. Banking is considered more or less of a private affair, and only the initiated or the privileged are informed as to the condition of the banks. The Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Imperial Bank of Germany make reasonably complete and analytical statements once a week, and their figures are about the only dependable financial data to be had.

As, however, the chief function of these semi-governmental institutions is the issue of bank notes rather than the custody of deposits, their statements do not shed much light on the condition of business generally.

The tabulated statement on the next page is the most recent of the Bank of France that I have been able to obtain. It is printed just as published.

This statement, as will be noticed, shows a liability of 5,950,057,470 francs, or $1,190,011,494, on account of *billets au porteur en circulation*, or bank notes outstanding; and only about 1,071,000,000 francs, or $214,000,000, of *compte courant*, or deposits. The metallic reserve carried is 3,824,048,496 francs of gold and 637,411,449 francs of silver.

Roughly stated, therefore, the Bank of France has about $810,000,000 of cash reserve, against $1,400,000,000 of current liabilities. On the other hand, the Crédit Lyonnais, the greatest bank of deposit in France, has nearly $500,000,000 of deposits, but its reserve consists for the most part of its credit account at the Bank of France.

There is no clearing-house in Paris, and where settlements between banks cannot be made by orders on the Bank of France checks and bills are for the most part collected in cash. The use of the bank check in Paris is, indeed, comparatively rare, and the result is that enormous amounts of cash or bank notes are carried around the city each day by the messengers of concerns that have bills to pay or collect.

These details are referred to that the difficulty of getting accurate financial information in Europe may be better appreciated. President Wilson has recently described the business depression in the United States as "psychological." The same statement is even more applicable to the gloomy feeling which seems to exist in Europe. It is unfortunate that it is not possible to combat this feeling by the citation of cheerful facts.

That many of the facts are cheerful there is but little doubt. The British Board of Trade returns show practically no diminution in English imports and exports. Money is piling up in the banks of both England and the Continent. The gold reserves of the great banks of issue are larger than ever, having been further reinforced within the last few weeks by enormous imports from the United States.

Yet in financial circles every one seems pessimistic, the chief complaint being that there is no speculative feeling, and that those who have money are disinclined either to

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BANQUE DE FRANCE ET SUCCURSALES

SITUATION HEBDOMADAIRE

ACTIF	Au 11 juin 1914 MATIN	Au 4 juin 1914 MATIN
Encaisse de la Banque	4.461.459.946 49	4.409.869.671 37
Effets échus hier à recevoir ce jour	2.407.078 95	835.378 "
Portefeuille de Paris :		
Effets sur Paris	588.442.327 76	562.214.545 48
Effets sur l'Etranger	9.533.907 16	9.150.889 90
Effets du Trésor remis à l'encaissement	357.535 47	152.433 73
Portefeuille des Succursales :		
Effets sur place	929.873.721 93	1.160.450.839 96
Effets du Trésor remis à l'encaissement	493.744 07	734.430 04
Avances sur lingots et monnaies à Paris	30.010.000 "	34.300.000 "
Avances sur lingots et monnaies dans les Succursales	" "	" "
Avances sur titres à Paris	201.135.701 72	200.451.966 31
Avances sur titres dans les Succursales	533.454.973 "	502.893.533 "
Avances à l'Etat (Loi du 9 juin 1857 ; Convention du 29 mars 1878 ; Loi du 13 juin 1878 prorogée. Loi du 17 novembre 1897 et loi du 29 décembre 1911)	200.000.000 "	200.000.000 "
Avances temporaires au Trésor public, inondations 1910. (Loi du 18 mars 1910)	4.989.900 "	4.989.900 "
Rentes de la réserve :		
Loi du 17 mai 1834	10.000.000 "	10.000.000 "
Ex-banques départementales	2.980.750 14	2.980.750 14
Rentes disponibles	99.579.293 85	99.579.293 85
Rentes immobilisées (Loi du 9 juin 1857) (y compris les 9.125.000 francs de la réserve	100.000.000 "	100.000.000 "
Hôtel et mobilier de la Banque	4.000.000 "	4.000.000 "
Immeubles des Succursales	41.948.256 96	41.851.074 35
Dépenses d'administration de la Banque et des Succursales	10.028.654 05	9.966.197 78
Emploi de la réserve spéciale	8.407.394 01	8.407,394 01
Divers	302.113.173 71	333.698.877 04
	7.541.216.359 27	7.696.536.184 96

PASSIF		
Capital de la Banque	182.500.000 "	182.500.000 "
Bénéfices en addition au capital (article 8, Loi du 9 juin 1857 et article 12 Loi du 17 novembre 1897)	8.006.145 84	8.006.145 84
Réserves mobilières :		
Loi du 17 mai 1834	10.000.000 "	10.000.000 "
Ex-banques départementales	2.980.750 14	2.980.750 14
Loi du 9 juin 1857	9.125.000 "	9.125.000 "
Réserve immobilière de la Banque	4.000.000 "	4.000.000 "
Réserve spéciale	8.407.444 16	8.407.444 16
Billets au porteur en circulation (Banque et Succursales)	5.950.057.470 "	6.130.980.825 "
Arrérages de valeurs transférées ou déposées	22.846.620 88	27.888.291 69
Billets à ordre et récépissés payables à Paris et dans les Succursales	2.938.746 49	3.019.659 95
Compte courant du Trésor	130.314.617 865	132.845.056 825
Comptes courants et Comptes de dépôts de fonds à Paris	845.766.716 835	642.660.798 555
Comptes courants et Comptes de dépôts de fonds dans les Succursales	96.167.989 "	121.887.207 "
Dividendes à payer	1.608.828 11	1.682.843 11
Escomptes et intérêts divers à Paris et dans les Succursales	30.958.335 74	29.153.464 58
Réescompte du dernier semestre à Paris et dans les Succursales	5.407.880 "	5.407.880 "
Divers	230.129.814 21	375.990.818 11
	7.541.216.359 27	7.696.536.184 96

DÉCOMPOSITION DE L'ENCAISSE

	Au 11 juin 1914	Au 4 juin 1914
Or	3.824.048.496 70	3.783.051.608 26
Argent	637.411.449 79	626.818.063 11
	4.461.459.946 49	4.409.869.671 37

TAUX DES OPÉRATIONS

Escompte	3 ½ %
Avances sur lingots	1 %
Avances sur titres	4 ½ %

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invest or spend it. Even in Paris and London the hotel-keepers and the purveyors of luxuries and expensive but unnecessary things are complaining of the parsimony of the wealthy.

On the other hand, there is no unemployment to be noticed. In Lancashire the cotton manufacturers are complaining of a scarcity of labor, and in Belgium, which is the most Socialistic community in Europe, the prosperity of the wage-earners is remarkable.

In France and Italy there have lately been some important strikes among those who labor with their hands, but in every case the dispute was with regard to an advance and not a reduction in wages.

In England a book called "Poverty and Waste," written by Hartley Withers, one of the financial editors of the London "Times," has just been published, and has attracted wide attention. On the title-page the following quotation is printed:

"The greatest of all possible social reforms would be to raise the standard of wages throughout the country."

This was said recently, not, as might be supposed, by Mr. John Burns, the labor leader in Parliament, but by Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the Conservative and supposedly aristocratic party.

The book is a protest against the economic waste of extravagance and luxury, and the causes of the present business depression are thus enumerated:

"One is the wholesale destruction of capital by wars. The second is the opening up of the uttermost parts of the earth to cultivation and development by improved means of communication, which increases the world-wide demand for capital to be put into production, which takes some years to bear fruit on a large scale. The third is the huge expenditure of the nations, especially on armaments and preparations for war. The high taxation that is now exacted by our rulers has little or no effect on the personal comfort of the wealthier classes, but it seriously curtails their saving power. The fourth is the high level of personal expenditure and luxury that modern fashion prescribes. The sums that many women now spend on adorning themselves are acknowledged to be criminal. Entertainment is on a scale that smothers hospitality under a tawdry show of ostentation. And this ostentation, perhaps owing to the efforts of a press that gives much of its space to telling the suburbs what the leaders of society are doing, has spread itself all the way down the various strata of the middle class which used to distinguish the comforts of life from its fripperies with some success. There is no need to preach sermons about this outburst of spendthrift enthusiasm and argue that the moral fiber of society is weakened.

"It merely arises from a very natural desire to enjoy some diversion in a world of strenuous energy. But those who fall a prey to it forget, to their own discomfort, that diversion can be had without vulgar extravagance, and that expenditure on luxuries makes the struggle of the poor more difficult."

An appreciation of the truisms stated in this book and elsewhere is undoubtedly responsible for the subnormal feeling at present apparent in financial circles. There is no discoverable contraction in the demand for necessary things. There is a very evident indisposition to buy unnecessary things. Those who produce and deal in the unnecessary things are therefore naturally depressed, and they communicate their depression to the money-spending class with whom they chiefly come in contact. To this more than anything else the present pessimism seems to be due, and as the energies of those who produce and traffic in luxuries are gradually transferred to more utilitarian employment the situation will become more cheerful, emotionally as well as economically.

The chief cause of present complaint is that those who have money prefer to let it lie in the bank at from two to three per cent interest rather than hazard it by investment at a higher rate. This makes interest rates low and the market for securities a poor one.

The financial world is made up of two classes, those who loan money and those who deal in securities. They are naturally blue, and so express themselves, and in the absence of statistical data that will controvert their statements the opinions to which they give utterance affect the whole community.

Meantime, in Europe, as in America, the economies now being practiced and the fully employed industry of the people must be adding to the supply of unemployed capital with extraordinary rapidity, and the very elements which create a depression that is emotional are in truth those necessary to a sound and sustained revival of legitimate trade and investment.

It is impossible for any one who acquaints himself with the prosperity and thrift of the

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masses in Europe to be pessimistic in the present absence of distended speculation, and my chief regret is that the dearth of commercial and financial statistics makes any intelligent diagnosis of the situation so largely dependent upon feeling and opinion rather than upon ascertained facts.

Brussels, Belgium.

THE SPECTATOR

ONE day lately the Spectator carefully tested a certain topic he has long had ripening in his professional conservatory, and judged it ready to pick. It is hard to believe that in this commuter's age there still lies within twenty miles of the gleaming dome of the State House on Beacon Hill a real old New England village, racy of that stony soil that matched the hardihood of the Pilgrims who broke themselves upon it. The village is there, though, and every summer the Spectator makes a point of passing at least a week-end there, "takkin' notes." Swift train and trolley service link it with the city; a steady stream of motor cars goes whirring along the glorious State road; more and more great sophisticated country-seats are growing up around it; yet still it defies suburban flatness, keeping pungent the genuine village flavor. An interesting little group of literary men, artists, and nature-worshipers make the place their home; and the Spectator cannot wonder that no inducement is strong enough to loose their moorings in this delicious backwater.

It may seem a stretch to talk about the old New England flavor of the place when it owes its peculiar tang no little to the Irish invasion of Massachusetts. But then your Irish Yankee, once properly inoculated and isolated from metropolitan influences, incubates New England peculiarities more peculiar than those displayed by the native himself. And in this locality the germs are good lively ones. Why, even the gypsies and browntails and deadly leopard moths, having caught the infection of limitless leisure in the air, are taking their time about demolishing the noble village elms, which still wave their beleaguered fringes over a mourning countryside.

To particularize. Fresh from the business methods of New York, the Spectator found himself ill qualified to transact affairs with the villagers. One morning his hostess sent him to a neighbor's in quest of fresh eggs. The house was a fine old Colonial mansion, and as he noted the flowers and the well-kept lawn the Spectator had qualms about asking if they had anything for sale. He sneaked around to the back door, where ranks of bright milk-pans were drying. A brisk, collarless woman answered his knock. Hearing his errand, she turned to fling a question over her shoulder into the shadows of the interior. "Pa, any eggs to spare?" A pause, and then a tremulous old voice right at the Spectator's elbow made him start. Pa, looking expressionless through a side window upon the intruder, had a few questions to ask. "Aiggs? Wa'al, I dunno. Who is it wants 'em?" The Spectator explained. On went the toneless drawl. "Where'd ye come frum? Be'n here long? Haouw long ye cal'late to stay? You any relation to that feller that's campin' over to th' pawnd? Yes, I *jedged* ye was *some* relation. You don't favor him none. Aiggs? No, they ain't no aiggs." As he turned away, the young woman increased the Spectator's confusion. "I knowed ye wouldn't get no eggs. Used 'em myself this mornin', cookin'."

The Spectator's retreat would have been in better form had he not, in an evil moment of nervousness—just to show he was careless of two pairs of native eyes boring holes in his back—bethought him to cluck familiarly to a flock of fine Brahma hens that were pecking about the dooryard. "Here, chick! chick!" he called in excellent imitation of a poultryman's strident tones. And they did! Oh, they did! Silly heads twisting, bright beady eyes cocked wildly, feathered embodiments of native curiosity, they "here'd" with him all the way to the post-office, two blocks down the road. Since then the Spectator has a new word to describe the undertoned

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small-talk of a flock of hens—not "cut-cut-cut," but "what-what-what-what-*what!*"

Ambitious to keep up with affairs in the world outside, the Spectator went down to the village trade center to order a daily paper. His hostess depended on the journal her husband brought out at night; but he wanted his news hot off the griddle. In the village news-stand the agent sat on the counter, swinging his feet. He surveyed his customer stolidly, not moving an eyelash. Somewhat irritated, the Spectator stated his errand with vigor and despatch. "Wa'al now," said the agent, slowly, "let's see. You say you're stayin' to Thatcher's. Hennery's or Abrum's?" The Spectator specified. "You bain't the man that takes the Sunday 'Herald'? No? Wa'al now, you say you want the mornin' 'Herald,' or the *evenin'* 'Herald'?" The Spectator repeated his order. The agent took a thoughtful gnaw at a pencil he had been using to tap the counter. "Most folks round here likes the evenin' paper best. Don't suit ye? Wa'al now, sir, I'll tell ye how 'tis. I couldn't possibly send ye the *mornin'* 'Herald,' nohow, not less ye was a-mind to *take* it in the *evenin'*. Don't send out mornin's 'tall." By the time the exhausted Spectator had tried to buy five two-cent stamps when the postmistress was busy baking a pie, and had seen that eminent lady's husband count those stamps backward and forward four times and finally abandon them till *she* should appear to put through the deal, and when he had beheld the village grocer dividing thirty-five cents by strenuous manipulation of pencil and paper, he realized that he must slow down his psychic constant to the gentle vital rhythm of that town.

After all, it is to the trolley line, that ambulatory social center of the village, that the Spectator owes his choicest experiences. It was a blistering hot day when his car was stopped at a cross-roads by a stout, perspiring Irishwoman in widow's weeds, who held up a hand like an officer halting traffic. "Will this trolley get me to th' fune-ral?" she demanded, excitedly. Knowing conductors chiefly by the New York variety, the Spectator looked to see the woman simply blasted by official scorn. Not so. "I'm sure I couldn't say, ma'am," the conductor answered, amiably, making no motion toward the bell-rope. "Is it to the Corner or to the Center?" "The fune-ral's to the church, but I dunno which church," vociferated the passenger. "I'll *not* pay me fare till I know am I goin' right!" One substantial foot planted firmly on the running-board, she held up the car, while a vast orchestra of crickets made the hot stillness audible. And the motorman savagely banged his gong? Not he. He leaned round from the platform to ask, "Who's buried?" Answer, "Michael Quinn." At that a slow-wit on the front seat woke up to testify that Quinn would be buried from the Corner. The car proceeded, and the Spectator had forgotten the incident when, the trolley overhauling a monumental female, sailing along, her skirt canted up a foot in front, a heated voice was heard behind him, "Praise be! There's one woman goin'. We're all right!"

The real marvel was that the trolley crew should not have known all about Michael Quinn, they being acquainted with pretty much everything in the village that goes on two feet or four. One day, as the Spectator was riding on the back platform, the conductor rang a sudden emergency stop and dashed off the car. Hopping on again a moment later, he panted, disgustedly: "Needs a nurse, that dog does! Motorman's new to the rowte. *He* didn't know the poor cur's most blind an' stone deaf. He was bangin' his gong and the dog amblin' along the track right ahead of us. Little more an' we'd 'a' gone right over him—a dog I've known thirteen years!" This particular conductor is not only a shining example to chauffeurs, but is the village wit as well. Forgetting that the fare on this line is six cents, the Spectator one day handed out a nickel, then hurriedly fished for the extra cent. "That's right," said the conductor, encouragingly, "one for the company!" Another time when the Spectator climbed aboard, his arms full of sprangly bayberry branches, the conductor solemnly tendered *two* transfer checks "for the bunch."

It is beautiful to see him shepherding the innocents on the school-car of a morning, and the alcoholic innocents on the last car out at night, his charity seemingly broad enough for the failings of both. "Hi there! Hurry up! *Run!*" he apostrophizes an empty landscape as the car halts at the foot of a steep country road. Presently over the brow of a little

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rise appears the bobbing head of a distressed urchin who spills down the slope *à la* Jack and Jill, apologizing as he runs. "I'd 'a' come quicker—only I had to get—two hods o' coal—fer ma!" "All right, Johnnie; we'll let it go this time," soothes the conductor, boosting him aboard. At night he is saying, "There, Thomas, mind your feet and toddle home to mother," as he guides tenderly to earth the irresponsible figure of an aged reprobate who goes on murmuring, dreamily, "I've been in town, an' I'm fullsh a goat!" "Well, *what* do you know about that?" philosophizes the conductor, watching the man's wavering progress into the shadows of the woods.

Perched one day behind the motorman, the Spectator discovered that the back platform had by no means a monopoly of local color. As the car slipped through the shades of a little wood, on went the brakes and the motorman leaned over the dashboard to peer under the car roof into the young leafage overhead. "There she is!" he said in a stage whisper, taking the Spectator's interest for granted. Following his pointed finger, the Spectator presently managed to construe the tangle of greenery, and, sure enough, there sat a neat gray catbird, eying us from her nest, not ten feet from the track! The motorman deposed that he had seen that nest prospected for, the first stick laid, and he expected to see the last young bird take wing. It wasn't a mile beyond that the man at the brake again burst into speech. This time it was the natural history of humans. "Now you watch out," he said. "We take on the mail here. There's Si, out with his bag. Si hasn't been postmaster of Podunk very long, an' he feels as tall as Bunker Hill Monument. We always come to full stop for the mail. But Si won't hand on his bag, not he! He *throws* it on, like we was an express train runnin' ninety miles an hour!"

Can you blame the Spectator for carrying his note-book?

THE NEW BOOKS

THE ROMAN AND BRITISH EMPIRES[1]

Mr. Bryce's latest volume consists of two studies: first, a comparison between the ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India; second, a discussion of the diffusion of Roman and English law throughout the world.

Of these, the first is the more popularly interesting; indeed, the historical student will find it fairly fascinating. For, as Mr. Bryce says, nothing in history is more remarkable than the way in which two small nations created and learned how to administer two vast dominions. The historian proceeds to compare Rome and Britain as conquering and ruling powers, acquiring and administering great regions far outside the original dwelling-places of their own peoples, and impressing their own types of civilization upon their distant dominions.

What are the contrasts between the two empires? The first is that Rome stood in the middle of her empire, whereas Britain stands far from the nearest point of hers.

Second, Rome did not march swiftly from conquest to conquest, as has England; England's quick advance was doubtless because her antagonists were inferior to her in arms as well as in discipline; because the English appeared in various places at singularly opportune moments; and, finally, because England encountered the weakest of her antagonists first.

Third, though the excellence of the Roman and British highways of communication contributed to the external defense and to the internal peace of both empires, peace in the Roman Empire was less perfect than that which has been established in India.

Fourth, the Roman Emperors were despots at home. Not so the English. Are the English consistent? No. And, what is more, "a similar inconsistency presses on the people of the United States in the Philippine Isles." Says Mr. Bryce with regard to this:

> It is a more obtrusive inconsistency because it has come more abruptly, because it has come, not by the operation of a long series of historical causes, but by the sudden and little-considered action of the American Republic itself, and because the American Republic has pro-

[1] The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India: The Diffusion of Roman and English Law Throughout the World. By James Bryce. Oxford University Press, New York. $1.90.

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claimed, far more loudly and clearly than the English have ever done, the principle contained in the Declaration of Independence that the consent of the governed is the only foundation of all just government. The Americans will doubtless in time either reconcile themselves to their illogical position or alter it.

Mr. Bryce modifies the above in adding that we have introduced an elective element into the Legislature in the Philippines and have intimated our intention to extend self-government as far as may be possible.

Another contrast between Rome and Britain is found in the Government service. The Romans freely employed provincials; the English in India, on the other hand, employ natives in subordinate posts, but reserve the higher for men of European stock. This contrast really goes down to the foundation of the differences between English and Roman rule. Although a native Indian, it is true, now holds the important post of legal member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, and though there are native members on the Executive Councils of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, no native seems to have been as yet seriously considered for the very highest places.

Again, with Rome, a similarity of conditions ultimately effected a fusion of the peoples; with Britain, on the other hand, a dissimilarity makes fusion impossible. This is shown by climate, by racial color, by religion, and, finally, by language and literature. Mr. Bryce conjectures: "There will not be for ages to come any fusion of North Americans with the races of the Philippine Isles."

So much for contrasts. Now for resemblances. The main resemblance is found in the fact that the Government of India resembles the Roman in being virtually despotic. In both cases, says Mr. Bryce, whatever may have been done for the people, nothing was or is done by the people. For errors in policy or for defects in law the inhabitants of a Roman province had no remedy except through petition to the Sovereign, and in India the inhabitants have no recourse except an appeal to the Crown or to Parliament—a Parliament in which the Indian subjects of the Crown have as yet no representation. This, however, as Mr. Bryce is careful to show, does not mean that opportunities have not been afforded for the expression of native opinion. The natives of India are represented in the various legislative councils of that country, not only by nomination, but also, during the past seven years, by a system of election. The despotic rule continues, however, because the English conceive that "no other sort of government would suit a vast population of different races and tongues, divided by religious animosities . . . and with no sort of experience of self-government on a scale larger than that of the village council;" though of late years, as Mr. Bryce adds, municipal constitutions, resembling those of English boroughs, have been given to some of the larger cities.

Concerning India, Mr. Bryce concludes as follows:

1. It is possible for a European race to rule a subject native race on principles of strict justice, restraining the natural propensity of the stronger to abuse its power.

2. A relatively small body of European civilians, supported by a relatively small armed force, can maintain peace and order in an immense population standing on a lower plane of civilization.

3. The existence of a system securing these benefits is compatible with an absolute separation between the rulers and the ruled.

What of the future? It is impossible to think of it, declares Mr. Bryce, without asking whether the fall of the Roman Empire throws any light on the probable fate of British dominions. Given all the difficulties of rule in India, Mr. Bryce concludes that the British Empire there shows no similar signs of weakness. At the same time, he does point out one sign which seems to us "similar"—namely, the possible peril in taxation. While land revenue was the mainstay of the Roman Empire in its palmy days, the Empire finally perished from the want of revenue. Heavy taxation, together with the exhaustion of the soil, led to the abandonment of farms, reducing the rent derivable from the land. For many years India, as Mr. Bryce admits, has been "painfully near the limit of her taxable resources. It is all she can do to pay her own way, and, if revenue could be increased by raising taxation further, there are many objects, such as education and sanitation, on which the Government would gladly spend more money."

Songs Toward the Sunlight. By Hanford Chase Judson. Stewart & Co., New York. $1.50.

Readers of The Outlook will recall certain graphic sonnets which appeared in its pages several years ago and conveyed not only the stir and clatter of tools and machines and the

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motions of the factory, but the sense of human fortune and fate caught in revolving wheels, and the rhythmic flow of belts over great drums. These sonnets are among the best poems in this collection; they have not only graphic energy and life, but that human feeling which is the reconciler of apparently antagonistic conditions and brings remote things within the circle of vision. At the end of the working day, in the hot, noisy shops, the evening comes:

"One star shining and the veiled new moon
Seems but a fairy dream in the dim west.
I pass out, with the others, through the gate,
Not wholly cleansed, as yet, from grime and soil.
Life greatness, nearness, makes my heart elate;
For, one among ten thousand men who toil,
I might touch this one, that one; each would be
Somewhat myself, and it seems good to me."

The longer poems are less successful from a technical point of view, but they have more solid poetic substance; infelicities of manner abuse neither the feeling for the poetry inherent in things and in men, nor the genuinely imaginative mood in which they are seen and understood. The imagery is not always happily brought before the mind, but it makes the appeal of a real emotion, a real glimpse of the mystery of sight and song and life in the world:

"Hark, a thrush! He sings
Like a spirit whose nesting is peace.
Increase, increase, O heart of me! Hold
This heavenly music I hear! It springs
From the crag where the root of my spirit clings
Like a pine's, and I thirst for its clear.
O singer, O seraph, O reedy-throat,
What master hath taught that piercing note?
Beneath it the turrets of heaven appear
As high as the reach of a soul, and bright
With a shadowless gleam that the sun's noon light
Of June's best day cannot bring to a sphere
Of shadow-like sorrow and night."

Foothills of Parnassus. By John Kendrick Bangs. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The reader of Mr. Judson's volume above described comes on lighter themes in Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's "Foothills of Parnassus;" a book of short and largely quotable poems, kindly in spirit and companionable in mood. From foothills one expects views of the neighborhood rather than wide landscapes, and Mr. Bangs does not disappoint us. He modestly disclaims the ambition to scale the heights:

"I may not hope to scale the loftier heights,
Full well I know!
Yet there are foothills with their rare delights, and slopes below
Whereon a modest singer, slight of skill and void of art,
May roam, and sing such measures as he will
From out his heart."

Mr. Bangs is by no means devoid of art; he may disclaim the lyre, but he knows the pastoral pipe and plays some pleasant tunes reminiscent of good old English lyrists of the lighter mood. He is gay and happy in many lines, and there is a genial good-heartedness in his verse which relieves the lightness of tone of any suspicion of frivolity, though his wit sometimes lacks deftness.

Sister of the Wind (The) and Other Poems. By Grace Fallow Norton. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

This is not a book of "plain song;" its notation is simple enough, but its thought is elusive and demands not only attention but the mood which interprets other moods; for moods inspire many of Miss Norton's verses. She escapes definitions as a bird escapes rigid divisions of the landscape, by flying over them. Poetry ought to be a refuge from definition, but many writers of verse have been and are unable to get away from the text-books, which are necessarily divisive, into the world of imagination, which is essentially unifying. Miss Norton does not stand at the entrance of the path to guide her readers; she waits for them in out-of-the-way places and in quiet hours. She assumes that they who come will find their way. The dedication of the book to "Our mother of much understanding" is supplemented by the first verse of the poem that follows:

"Out of my hours of idleness
I wove my gift for you,
And what it is, is all I am:
It is not what I do."

This is a very modest illustration of Goethe's profound maxim that what a man does greatly he does with his whole nature. There may be no autobiography in this slender volume of songs; there is certainly self-revelation—if not of outward experiences, certainly of moods, insights, contacts of spirit.

At the Casa-Napoleon. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

People who have known Fifth Avenue south of Washington Square in New York will recognize the background of this story as the same as that in Mr. Bunner's delightful tale of "Midge." The "Casa Napoleon" was the Hotel Griffon, a well-kept Bohemian Latin-American, West Indian, French, and Spanish-American hotel of the old kind. It was in a private residence and it had an atmosphere. To dine there of an evening was very like going abroad. Many languages were spoken; dishes of various countries were admirably cooked and pleasantly served; and in the dining-rooms one found South American statesmen, West Indian planters, now and then a grandee from Spain, with a few Americans who could appreciate the atmosphere and also the low cost of living. This book, which has all Mr. Janvier's pleasant quality—for no man loved the idiosyncrasies and rich style of the modern Latins more than he—contains five stories which are full of atmosphere, as was everything that Janvier wrote.

One easily recognizes the fact that the morals in the background of the story are not always Puritanical; but there are kindliness and helpfulness, generosity and faith in human nature,

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a disposition to meet poverty with a superb manner, that are contagious in their interest. Those who want a rattling, crashing "quick lunch" tale will not like these stories; they are too leisurely, too atmospheric, too human, and too well bred.

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. Translated by Marie A. Lewenz, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

Prince von Bülow's opinions are always worth hearing or reading for manner as well as for matter—perhaps from his Italian wife he has absorbed a little Latin grace of style, added to his German sturdiness. His book interests us in two or three special directions. First, as to the work of his greatest predecessor in the Chancellorship, he says:

> Bismarck's foundation of the Empire was not least masterly in that it created a firm bond of union, while at the same time it did not destroy the peculiarities and the independence of the individual states; and also in that it not only nominally, but actually, made Prussia the leading state by preserving the monarchical principle in the new Empire. . . .
>
> Bismarck, the Prussian, realized better than any one else that in Germany strong government could only be based and maintained on the monarchical principle. The work of union could only be permanent if the monarchy was not a purely ornamental part of the fabric of the Empire, but was made to be the actual support of the union. . . . Germany would never, or, at best, very slowly and imperfectly, have achieved union as a state by following the paths of democracy along which other nations have reached the goal of national development.

This question of democracy in Germany is now very much to the fore. With regard to the statement, uttered from time to time, that Chancellor Bülow's idea was to change the distribution of power between the Crown and the Parliament in favor of the latter, we are told that it "belongs to the thickly populated realm of political fables," and that "in my eyes, the dividing line between the rights of the Crown and of Parliament was immutably fixed." Note the verb "was;" not "is"! The Crown may be "the corner-stone of Prussia and the keystone of the Empire," but that does not mean, in our opinion, that parliamentary government, in the western European sense of the words, may not come, and even come shortly, to Germany. One great bugbear in the way the author points out as follows:

> What we Germans lack is active interest in the course of political affairs, interest that is not only aroused at elections which take place at considerable intervals, but that is concerned with all the great and small questions of political life. It is the duty of the educated classes to take this political education in hand—the duty of the intellectual leaders, whom the Germans follow more readily than does any other nation.

Balkan Wars, 1912-1913 (The). By Jacob Gould Schurman. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. $1.

To the reader in search of knowledge a little book is generally more attractive than is a big book. This seems certainly true as one takes up Dr. Schurman's "History of the Balkan Wars." Every page is packed with information. The author's style is terse and free from repetition or from the use of unnecessary adjectives. He knows well how to give us a great deal in a few words. Especially admirable are his rapid sketches of past history. The great figures of Simeon and Dushan stand forth in these pages in really gigantic outline. The little book should help any one, whether learned or unlearned, better to appreciate not only the wars which have just taken place, but also those conditions in the Balkans which may, alas! invite another war.

Conquest of the Tropics. By Frederick Upham Adams. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. $2.

We often hear of the United Fruit Company. Its activities are evident in more than one direction. Most of us have a hazy idea as to the extent of these activities. A book has now been published describing them; it is the first of a series planned to describe certain big businesses whose histories and operations concern the public. The present volume is, as it should be, lavishly illustrated. Both text and illustrations inform us, perhaps primarily, about the United Fruit Company; but the information concerns, for the most part, the countries of Central America in general, and about their fruit production in particular. The connection with the activities of this particular company is, of course, very close, for the company owns and operates more than a thousand miles of railways and tramways in Central America, the banana transportation alone requiring the service of more than a hundred locomotives and twenty-five hundred freight cars. The value of Mr. Adams's volume to the student of contemporary conditions has been much enhanced by an ample index.

Sovereign People (The). By Daniel Dorchester, Jr. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.

The spirit of Christianity is essentially and thoroughly democratic. But democracy is as yet but half democratic because but half Christianized, and "densely pagan in places." The remedy for its imperfections is more of real democracy—that is, of the spirit of Christianity. The sovereignty of the people can take form in real democracy only as that spirit dethrones the tyrants of the soul and makes men free indeed.

This is the keynote of the admirable little book in which Mr. Dorchester describes existing shackles and the unshackling that now is in progress with growing momentum and with "social earthquakes." Critical, hopeful, judiciously constructive, and with effective use of the lessons of history and the teachings of eminent economists, statesmen, and jurists, he strongly urges the responsibility of the now awakening Church for mobilizing all her forces under the lead of Christ toward the realization of a religiously fraternal democracy.

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BY THE WAY

The Rumford medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences has been awarded to William David Coolidge for his invention of ductile tungsten and its application to the tungsten lamp. This invention is said to be saving consumers of electricity $240,000,000 a year.

Among the list of callers on Mr. Cyril Maude, the English actor, and his daughter Margery at a recent "at home" in London were the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Brassey, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, and a large number of other distinguished personages. The "Dramatic Mirror" prints the names to emphasize the class of persons whom an English actor numbers among his calling friends, and to point a moral as to the need on the part of American actors for bringing their profession up to the high standing that it has attained in England.

Eleven thousand Italians are employed on the Pennsylvania Railroad; of these more than two thousand are studying English in a correspondence course maintained by the company.

Some Chinamen succeed in mastering English so perfectly that they can make puns in the foreign tongue; one wonders whether Bishop Roots, who tells the following story, could have shown himself equally clever in speaking Chinese: Bishop Roots said that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces. "I'm getting over my difficulty now," he said one day to a mandarin, "but in the beginning here in Hankow you all looked as like as two peas." "Two peas?" said the English-speaking mandarin, smiling. "Why not say two queues?"

Mr. W. H. Firke, of Piatt County, Illinois, says that there is no kind of stock that can be fed with so little loss as geese. And Mr. Firke ought to know, for last year he fed more geese than any other man in the country. He buys up geese in the South, and drove one lot sixty-seven miles to a railway. To keep the geese from getting footsore they were actually shod! The coating for their feet was composed of tar and fine sand, to apply which they were driven through a chute. This coating kept the birds' feet in such good condition that they traveled nineteen miles a day to the railway station.

Thomas A. Edison has been taking lessons from a bumblebee. Mr. Edison, after watching the tremendous energy of the busy and noisy little creature, remarked: "A real plane, a heavier-than-air machine of great weight, can be built as soon as we obtain something that beats the air at the rate of 200 times a second. That bee weighed 7,000 times more than his wings. If we can only get to that, get to that—the greatest thing for the smallest wing—that is the thing. The bee's wings beat the air 300 times a second."

This season's reforestation work on the Black Hills National Forest, in South Dakota, covered an area of 867 acres by direct seeding of yellow pine. This is the tenth consecutive year that work of this character has been done and a total area of over 6,000 acres has now been covered.

Friends of the late Jacob A. Riis who may have preserved his characteristic letters are invited to correspond with Mrs. Riis, Pine Brook Farm, Barre, Massachusetts, with a view to using such letters in a biography of this apostle of glad tidings to the submerged and to those who wished to help but knew not how.

The skunk brings annually to the trappers of the United States about $3,000,000. It stands second in importance only to the muskrat among our fur-bearing animals. The value of a skunk skin in the raw fur market averaged from about 25 cents to $3.50 in December, 1913, and usually runs higher. In 1911 over 2,000,000 skins were exported to London alone. Although this fur is not very popular in America, Europeans favor it because it wears well and has a luster which makes it rival the Russian sable in appearance.

An incident which may perhaps have a bearing on the future history of Italy occurred recently in Spain. Umberto, the Italian Crown Prince, was taken to see a bullfight, and promptly fainted at the sight of blood. The boy is only ten years old, and his distaste for slaughter thus early evinced may sometime keep his country from war.

Robertson College, located at Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, desires to celebrate the hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain in a novel manner. The principal writes: "We should like to exchange flags, the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes, with some college in the United States. The flags would be permanently displayed as a peace memorial, and should have a suitable inscription." Any college wishing to take up this suggestion may address Robertson's principal, Dr. S. W. Dyde.

"Thanatophobiac" is a term applied by physicians to persons who have a morbid dread of death. This neurosis, according to a writer in "McClure's Magazine," is especially common among Russian Jews who have escaped from scenes like those at Kishineff. The treatment for this and kindred obsessions is described as consisting largely of "the gentle and healing power of good talk" by a sympathetic medical friend who can thus "re-educate" the sufferer and make him appreciate the real facts of his life.

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